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# GUNSMOKE

"THIS ONE'S FOR  
THE BOUNTY HUNTER!"





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# GUNSMOKE

## MAN WITHOUT A GUN

AS MARSHAL MATT DILLON RIDES THE TRAIL TO DODGE...

I'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO TOWN!  
WITH THAT FOURTH OF JULY  
CELEBRATION COMING OFF TO-  
MORROW, THERE'LL BE PLENTY  
OF FIREWORKS IN DODGE!

BUT A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

NOW LOOK HERE! YOU'D  
BETTER *PAY* FOR THOSE  
SILK SHIRTS  
BEFORE  
YOU PUT  
THEM ON!

HEY, MITCH,  
LISTEN TO  
THAT LITTLE  
ROOSTER  
CROW!

HE CROWS LOUD,  
BUT NOT FOR  
LONG, JETT!

THAT HOGLEG  
DOESN'T SCARE ME!  
I WANT TO BE PAID FOR  
THOSE SHIRTS!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

DILLON!

YEAH! SEEMS LIKE WE  
CAN'T GET THAT LAW-DOG  
OUT OF OUR HAIR!

JETT BALDER  
AND MITCH FORD--  
YOU TWO CAN'T  
STAY OUT OF  
TROUBLE FOR LONG,  
CAN YOU?

LOOK HERE, DILLON!  
WE WERE RUNNING  
A NICE FRIENDLY  
GAME WHEN YOU  
RAN US OUT OF  
THAT J-BAR  
TRAIL CAMP!

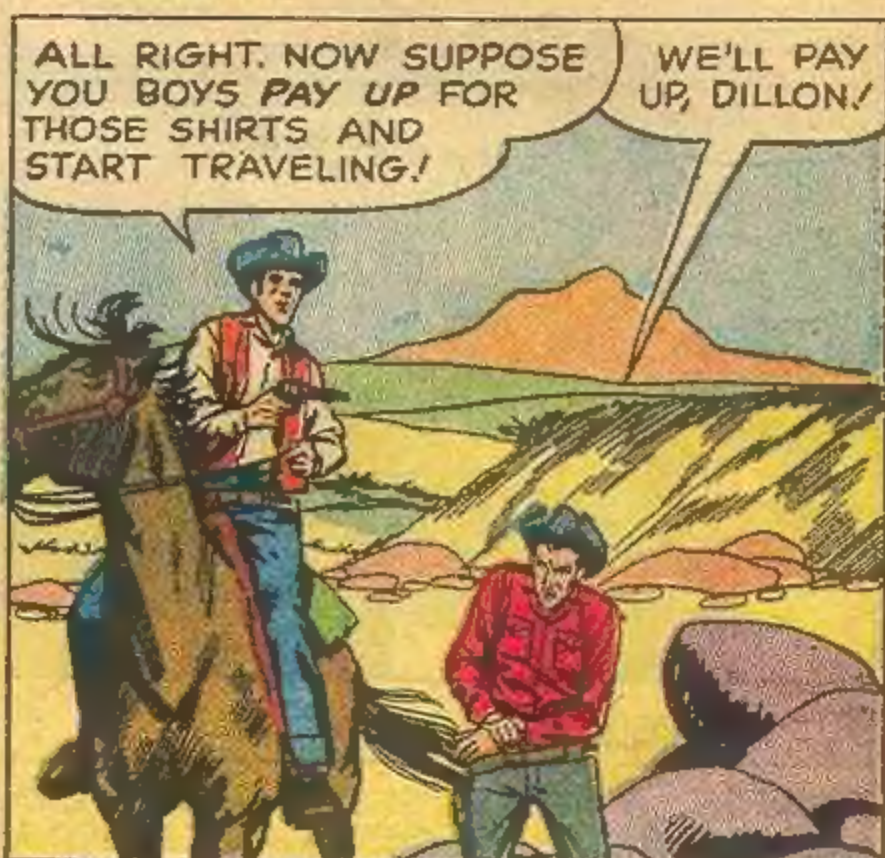


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I'M HEADED FOR DODGE NOW! I FIGURE I OUGHT TO DO A WHOPPING BUSINESS WITH THE FOURTH OF JULY CROWD COMING INTO TOWN!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE A REAL SHARP BUSINESS-MAN, CROBIN!



SEEMS FUNNY SEEING A YOUNG FELLOW LIKE YOU DRIVING A PEDDLER'S WAGON, THOUGH!

I USED TO WORK IN THE CIRCUS! THIS WAGON WAS MY FATHER'S. WHEN HE DIED, I TOOK OVER!



I FIGURE IT'S AN HONEST TRADE AND NECESSARY, TOO! MOST WOMEN FOLK OUT ON THE PRAIRIE HOMESTEAD ARE MIGHTY GLAD TO BUY MY RIBBONS AND CALICO AND MY POTS AND PANS!

IT MUST BE A PRETTY HARD LIFE-- ALWAYS ON THE MOVE!



SOMEDAY I'LL SAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO OPEN UP A STORE IN A TOWN LIKE DODGE CITY!

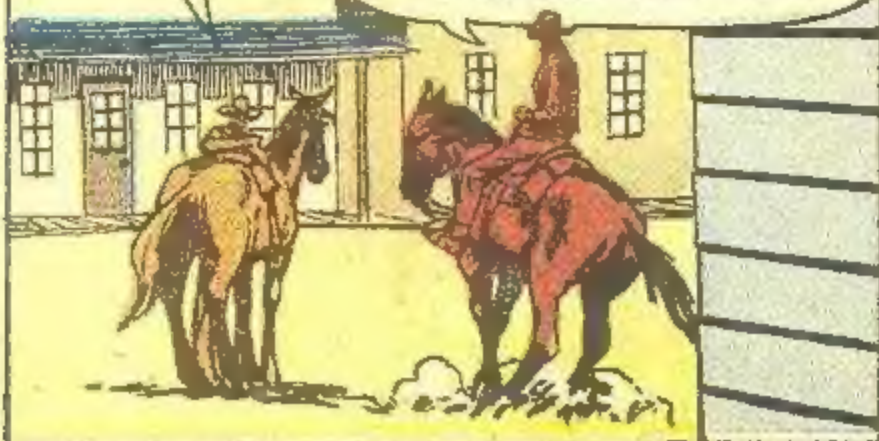
CROBIN, DODGE WOULD BE MIGHTY PROUD TO HAVE A MAN LIKE YOU FOR A CITIZEN!



THE NEXT DAY IN DODGE...

WELL, I RECKON THE CELEBRATION'S ABOUT TO BEGIN, MR. DILLON! THE CROWD'S ALL HEADING OUT OF TOWN!

HORSE RACING, TARGET MATCHES, ROPING CONTESTS -- THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME BIG DOINGS, CHESTER! LET'S HOPE THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE TO SPOIL THE FUN!



ON THE PRAIRIE OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE END OF THE SIX-GUN SHOOTING MATCH, MATT! AN HOMBRE NAMED MITCH FORD GOT NINETY-FIVE BULL'S-EYES OUT OF A HUNDRED!

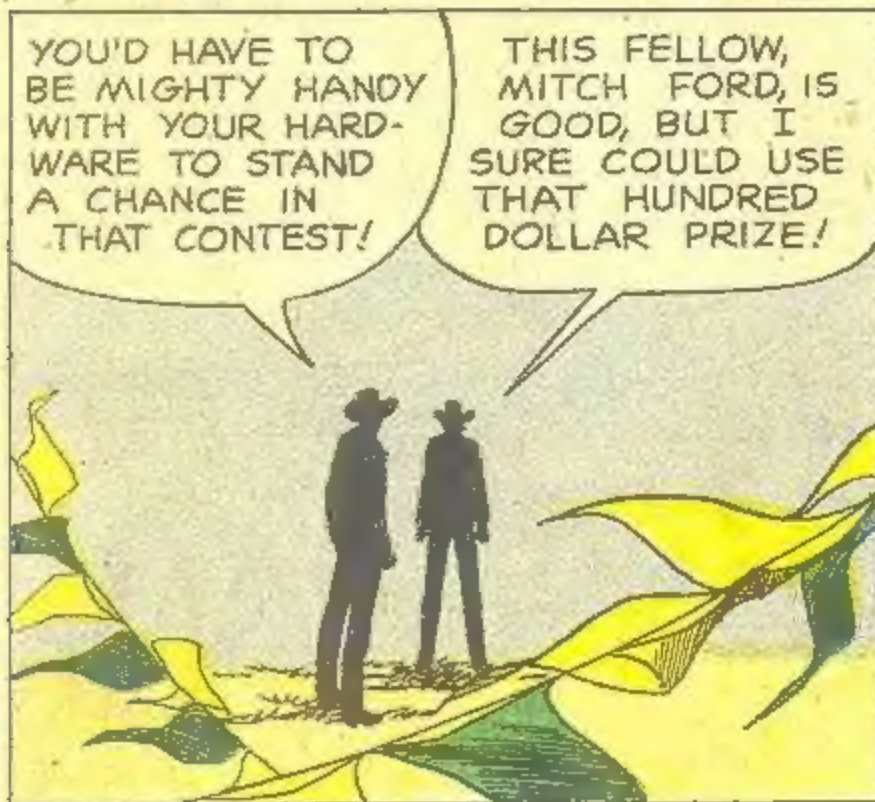
AND HIS FRIEND, JETT BALDER, IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM IN THE SCORING!







BUT OTHER EARS ARE LISTENING, TOO...

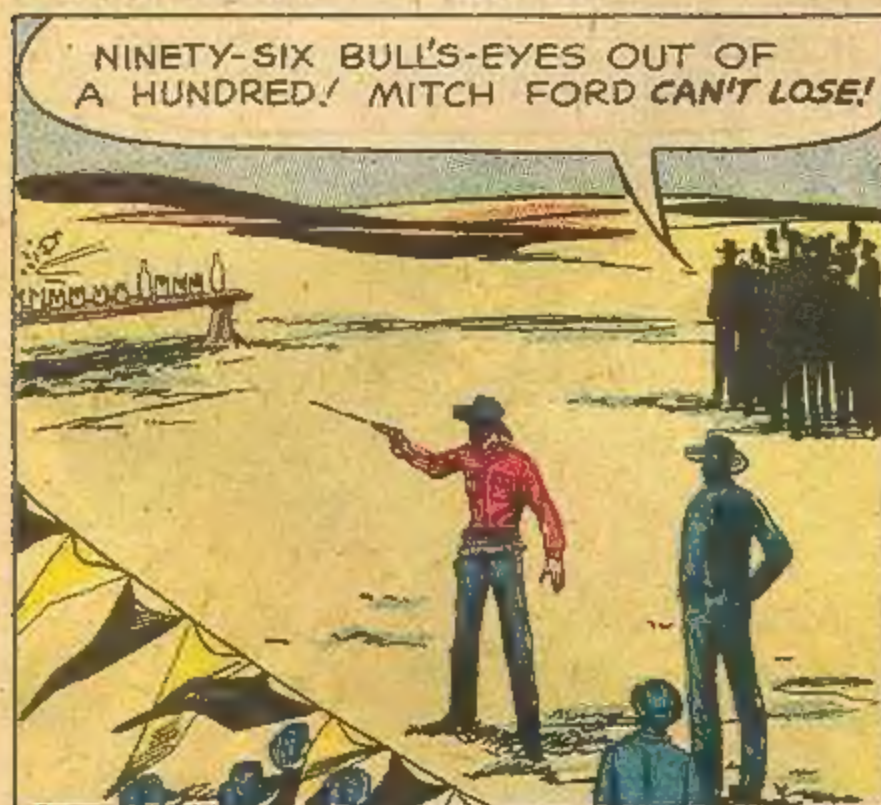






AND AS THE MATCH BEGINS...

BUT AS THE CONTEST ENDS...







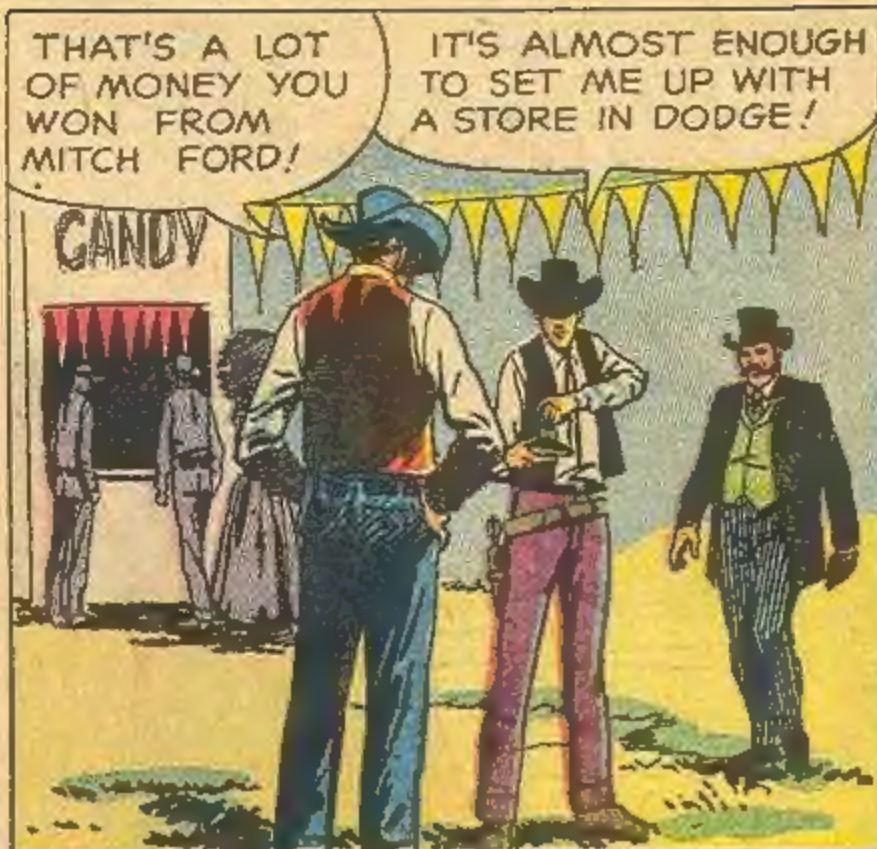
BUT CROBIN'S HAND MAKES AN EYE-BLURRING MOVEMENT AND...



BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...







**B**UT AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD...





SOON AFTERWARD, IN NEARLY DESERTED.  
DODGE...

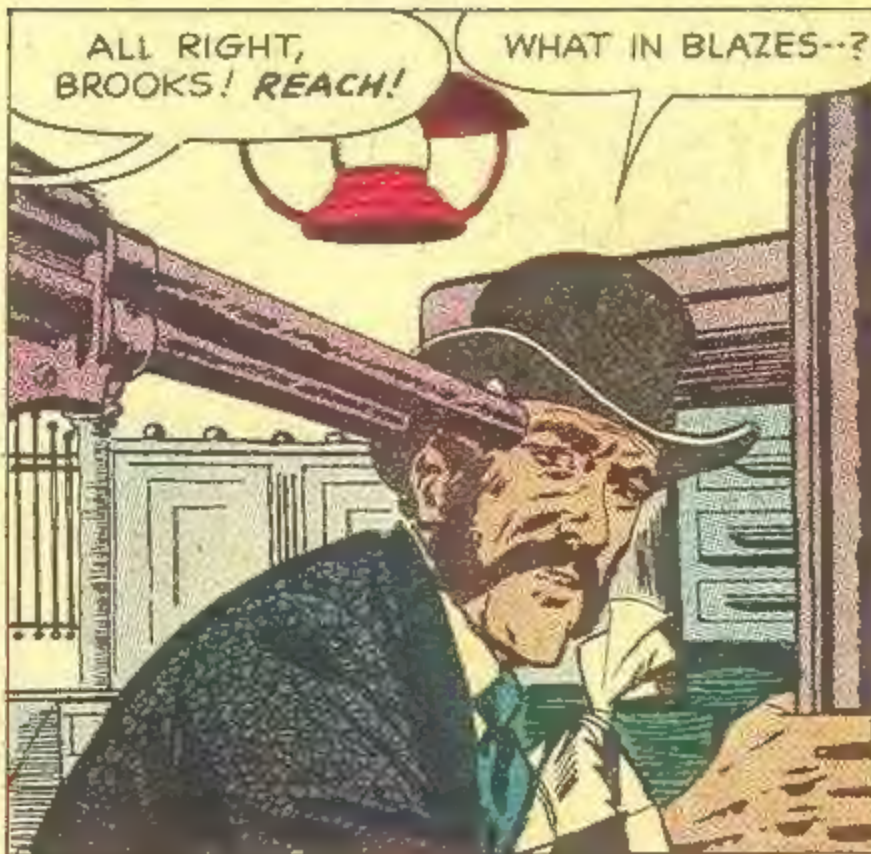
OUR LUCK'S  
HOLDING, MITCH!  
BROOKS IS LEAVING  
CROBIN OUT IN THE  
WAGON!

YEAH! AND  
BROOKS IS  
GOING TO USE  
THE SIDE DOOR  
TO THE BANK!



ALL RIGHT,  
BROOKS! REACH!

WHAT IN BLAZES--?



MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

ANYONE SEEN  
MITCH FORD AND  
JETT BALDER?  
THEY'RE NEXT IN  
THE TRICK ROPE  
CONTEST!

I SAW THEM HIGH-  
TAILING IT TOWARD  
TOWN A FEW  
MINUTES AGO!

HM!



BANKER BROOKS HEADING INTO TOWN  
-- AND THOSE TWO HIGHBINDERS  
RIDING AFTER HIM -- IT MAY BE A  
COINCIDENCE, BUT I'D BETTER  
CHECK ON IT!



SOON...

CROBIN--  
WHERE'S  
MR. BROOKS?

INSIDE THE BANK,  
MR. DILLON! BUT HE'S  
SURE TAKING HIS ALL-  
FIRED TIME ABOUT  
PUTTING MY MONEY  
AWAY!

WILLIAM CROBIN  
GENERAL MERCHANT

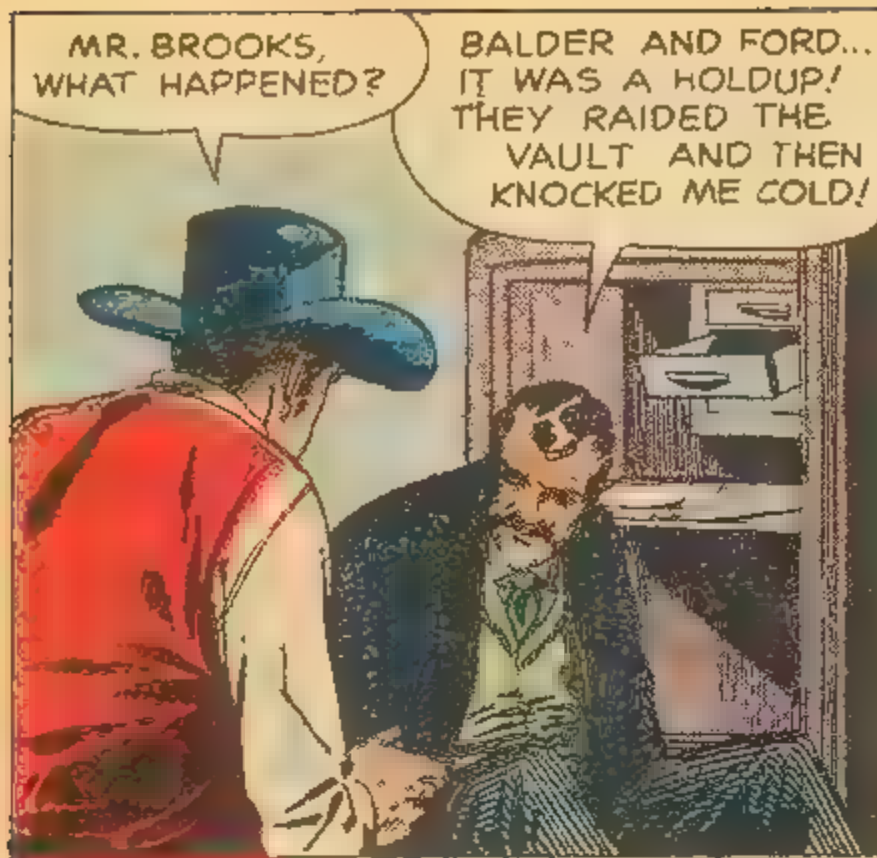


MR. DILLON,  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

IT'S ONLY A HUNCH,  
CROBIN, BUT IT'S A  
STRONG ONE--

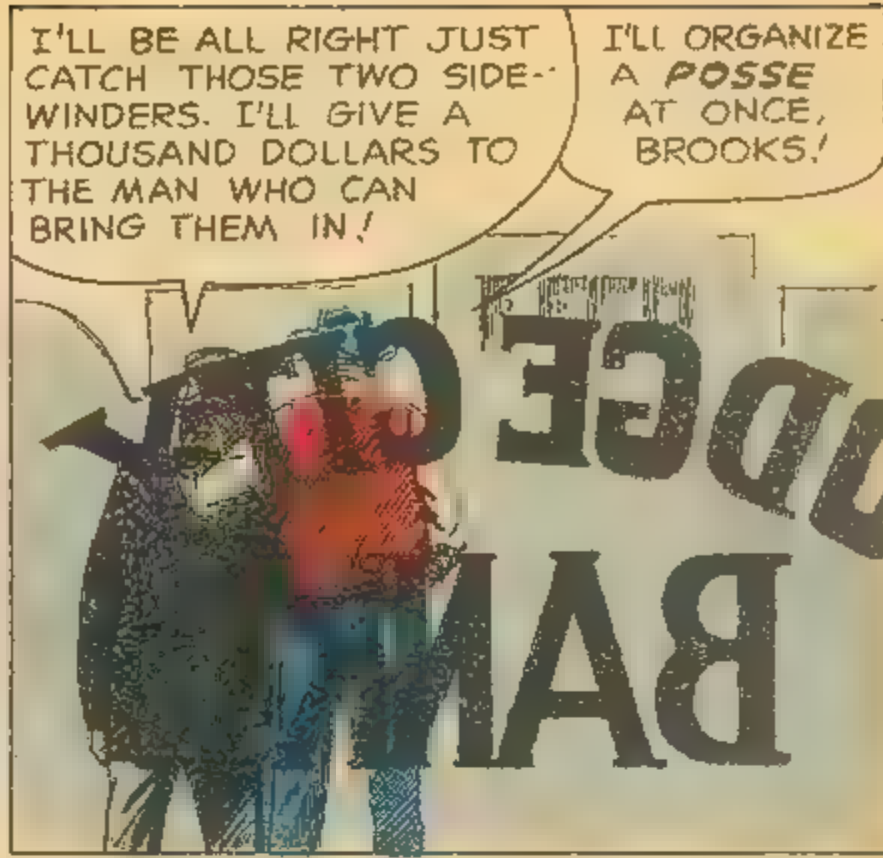






MR. BROOKS,  
WHAT HAPPENED?

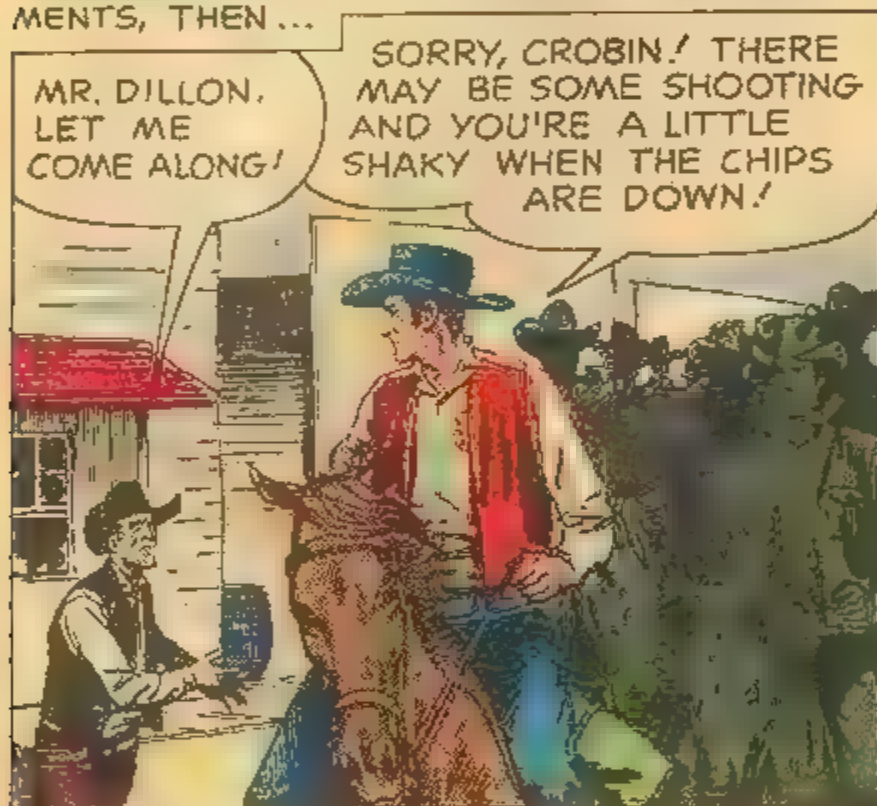
BALDER AND FORD...  
IT WAS A HOLDUP!  
THEY RAIDED THE  
VAULT AND THEN  
KNOCKED ME COLD!



I'LL BE ALL RIGHT JUST  
CATCH THOSE TWO SIDE-  
WINDERS. I'LL GIVE A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS TO  
THE MAN WHO CAN  
BRING THEM IN!

I'LL ORGANIZE  
A *POSSE*  
AT ONCE,  
BROOKS!

THE POSSE IS ORGANIZED WITHIN MO-  
MENTS, THEN ...



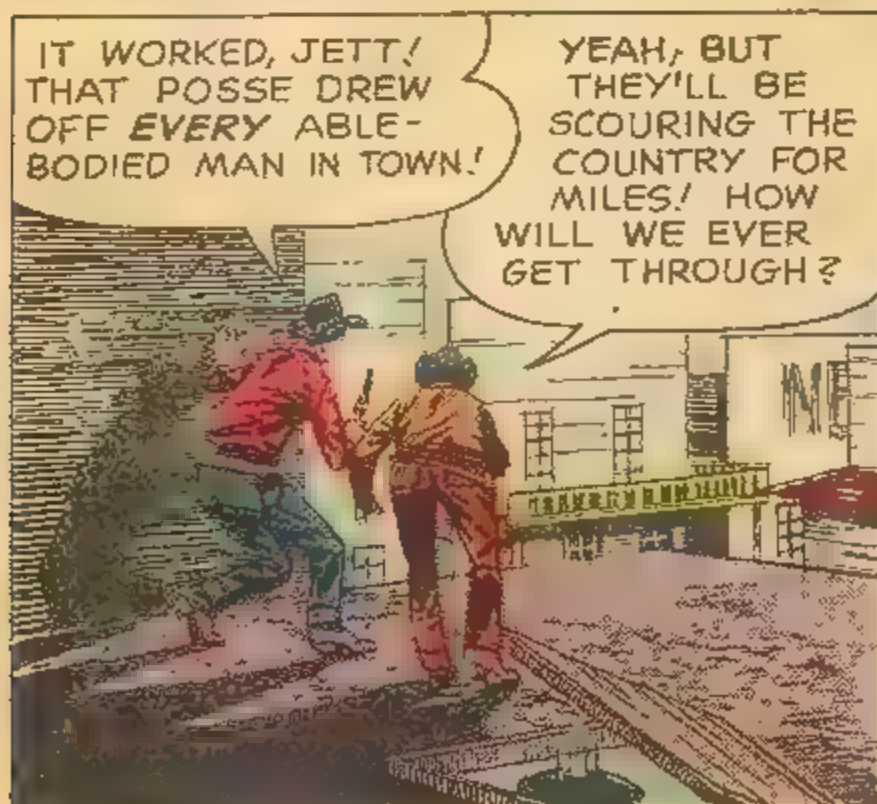
MR. DILLON,  
LET ME  
COME ALONG!

SORRY, CROBIN! THERE  
MAY BE SOME SHOOTING  
AND YOU'RE A LITTLE  
SHAKY WHEN THE CHIPS  
ARE DOWN!



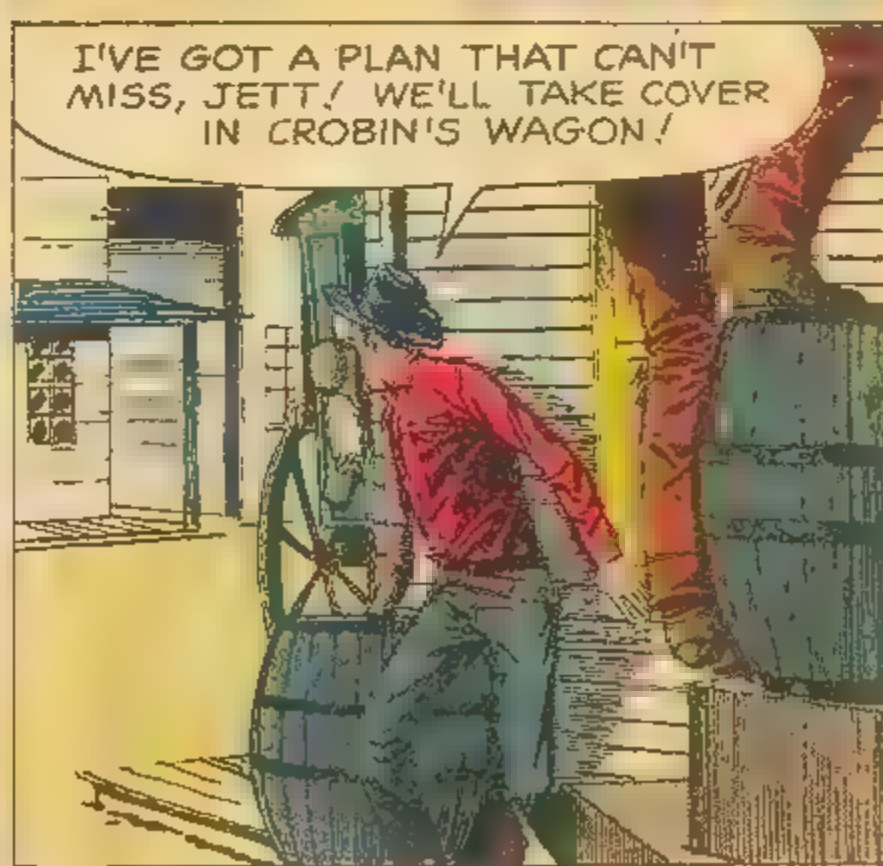
THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADED FOR  
INDIAN COUNTRY. WE'LL CUT FOR SIGN!

BUT AS THE POSSE LEAVES TOWN...



IT WORKED, JETT!  
THAT POSSE DREW  
OFF *EVERY* ABLE-  
BODIED MAN IN TOWN!

YEAH, BUT  
THEY'LL BE  
SCOURING THE  
COUNTRY FOR  
MILES! HOW  
WILL WE EVER  
GET THROUGH?



I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT CAN'T  
MISS, JETT! WE'LL TAKE COVER  
IN CROBIN'S WAGON!



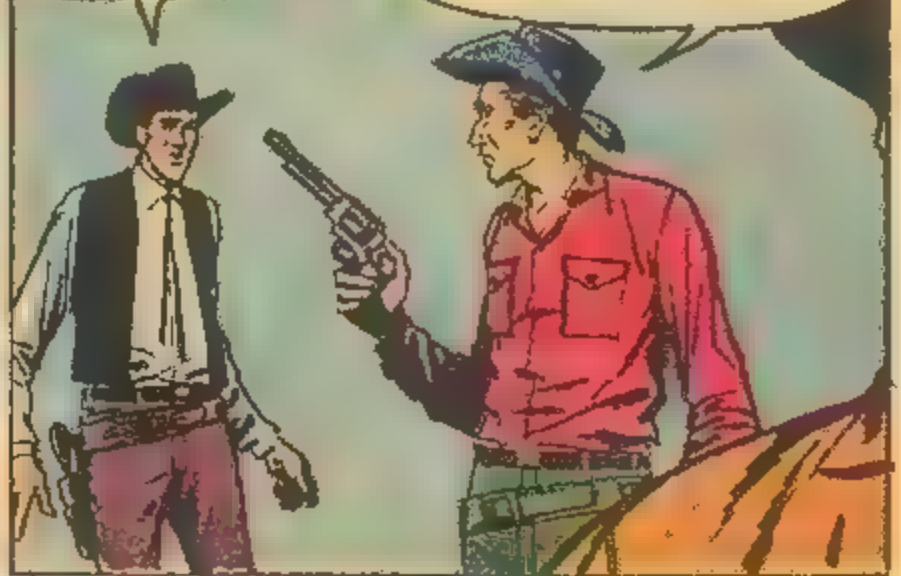
BALDER AND FORD!  
THEN YOU WERE  
HIDING HERE IN TOWN  
**ALL THE TIME!**  
YOU THIEVING  
SIDEWINDERS!  
I OUGHT TO--

LISTEN TO  
HIM, JETT!  
YOU'D THINK  
HE WAS A  
WHOLE PASSEL  
OF TIGER-CATS!



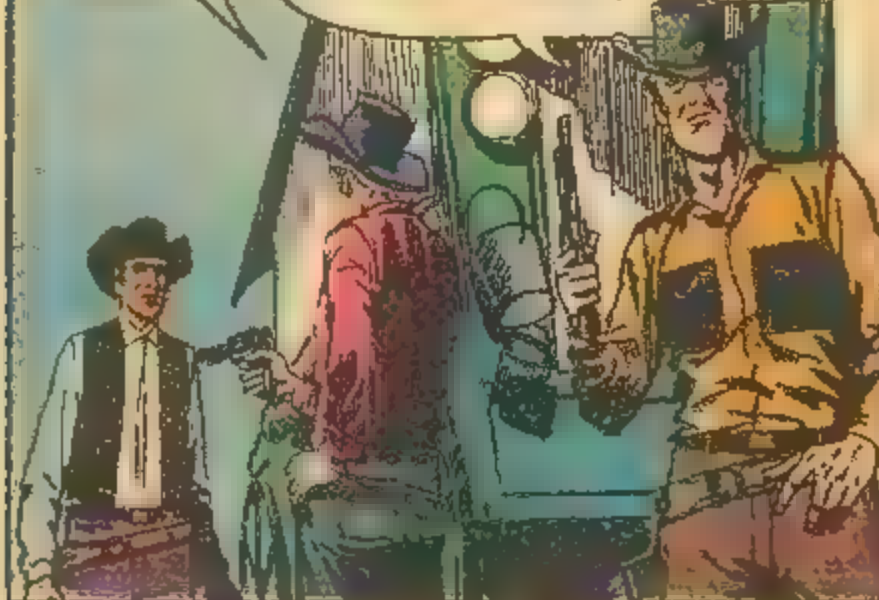
THE MARSHAL'S  
POSSE IS COMBING  
THE COUNTRY!  
YOU'LL **NEVER**  
GET AWAY  
WITH IT!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE  
**WRONG, PEDDLER!**  
WE'RE GOING TO  
MAKE DILLON LOOK  
LIKE A FOOL-- AND  
**YOU'RE GOING TO  
HELP US!**



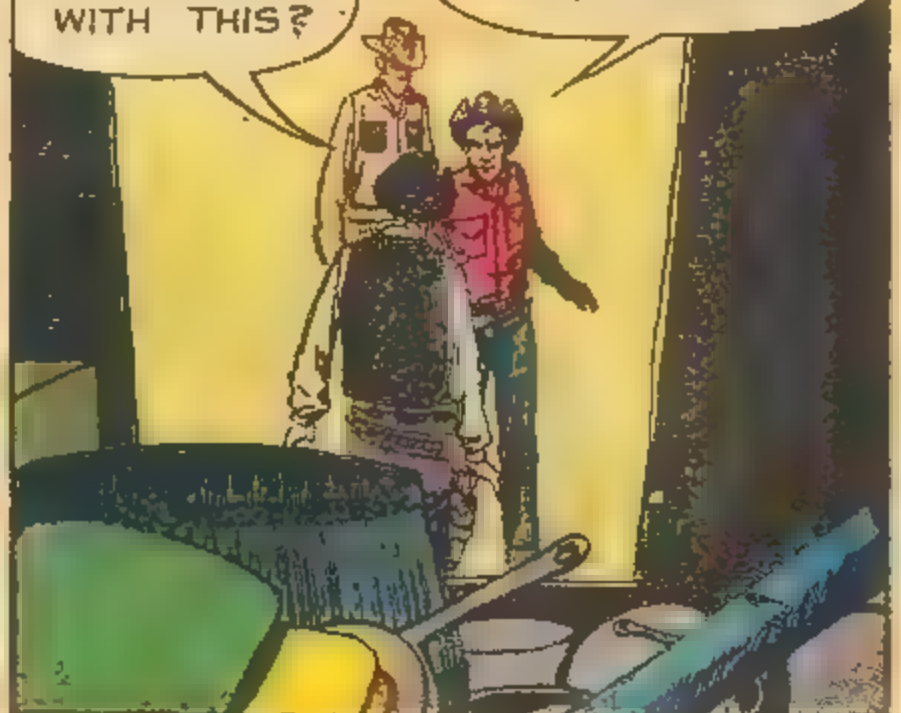
CROBIN, WE'RE  
GOING TO HIDE  
OUT IN YOUR  
WAGON!

AND YOU'RE GOING  
TO DRIVE US **RIGHT  
THROUGH** DILLON'S  
POSSE! THEY'LL  
NEVER DREAM OF LOOKING  
FOR US THERE!



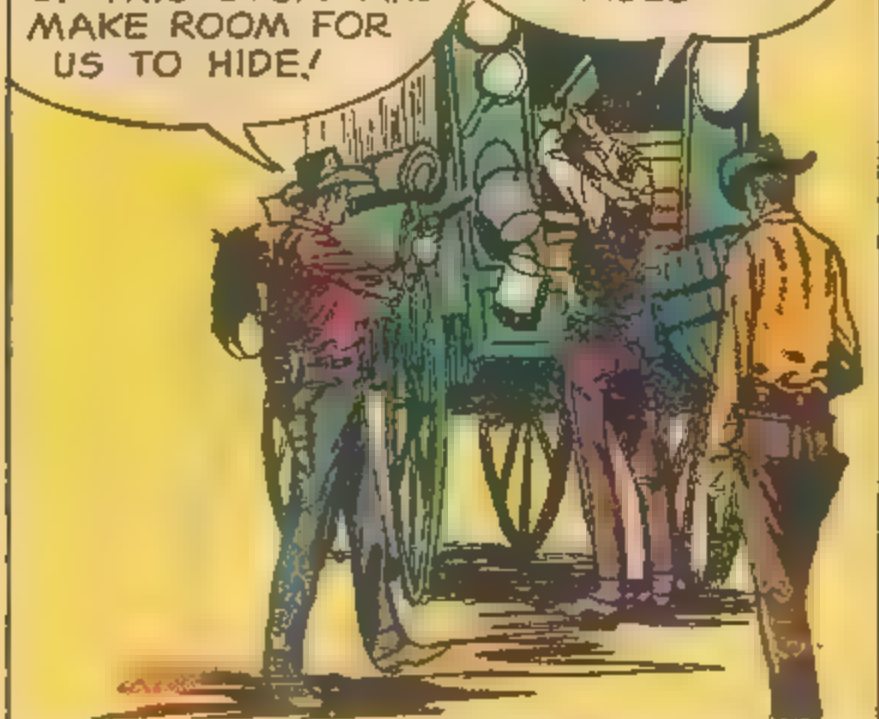
AND YOU THINK  
I'LL HELP YOU  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS?

THIS GUN IN YOUR  
BACK SAYS YOU  
WILL, PEDDLER!



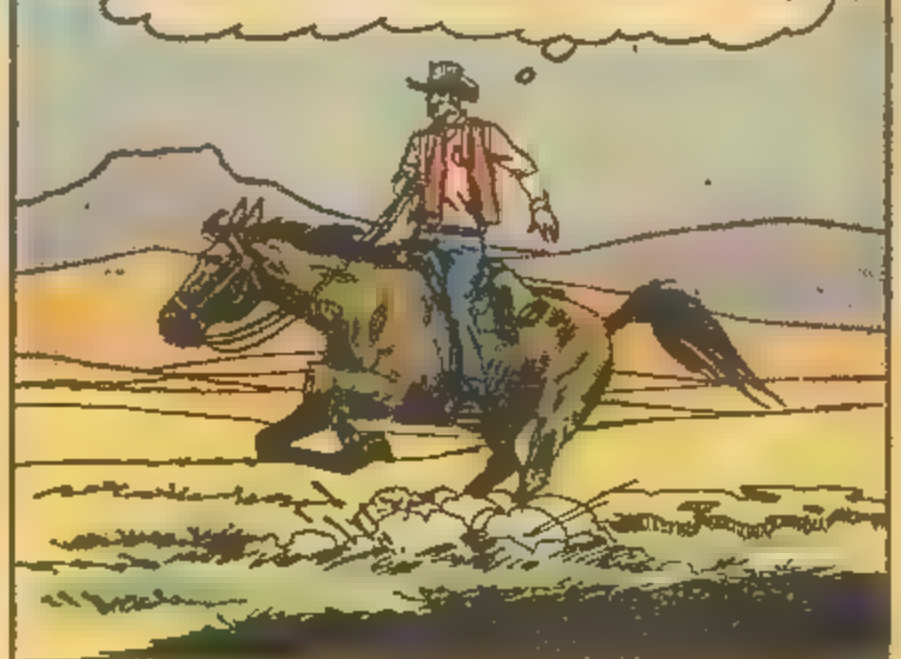
ALL RIGHT NOW,  
CLEAR AWAY SOME  
OF THIS STUFF AND  
MAKE ROOM FOR  
US TO HIDE!

RECKON YOU  
HOLD ALL THE  
ACES--



MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

SOMETHING I PLUMB FORGOT BACK  
IN DODGE! AND I CAN'T GO WITH  
THAT POSSE UNTIL I GET IT!

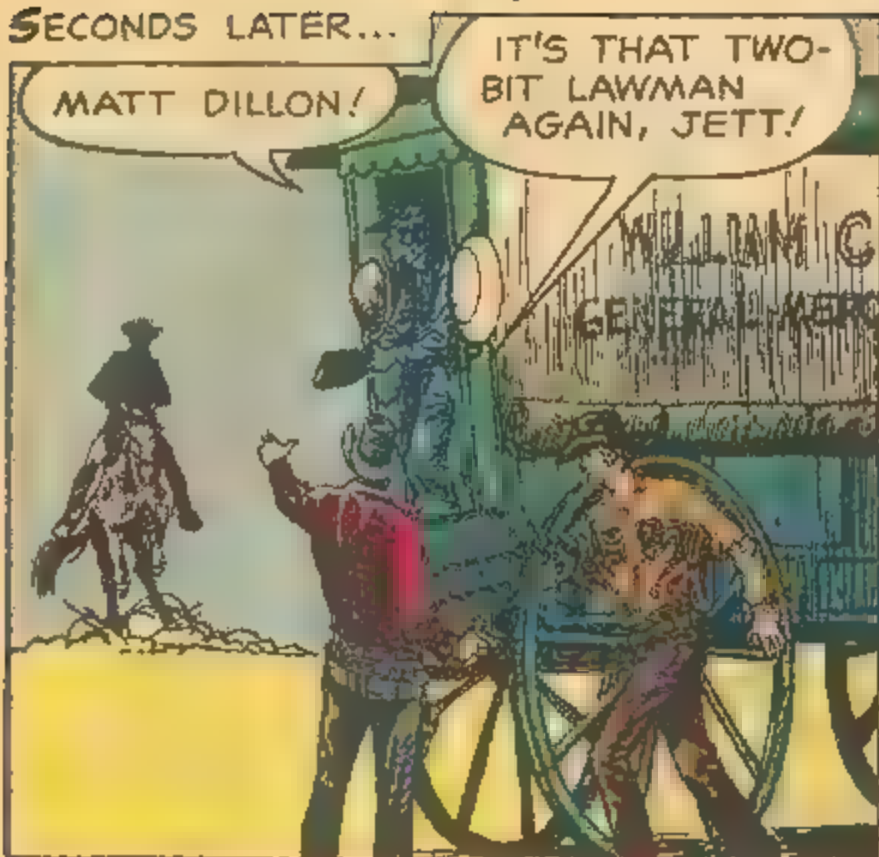




SECONDS LATER...

MATT DILLON!

IT'S THAT TWO-BIT  
LAWMAN  
AGAIN, JETT!

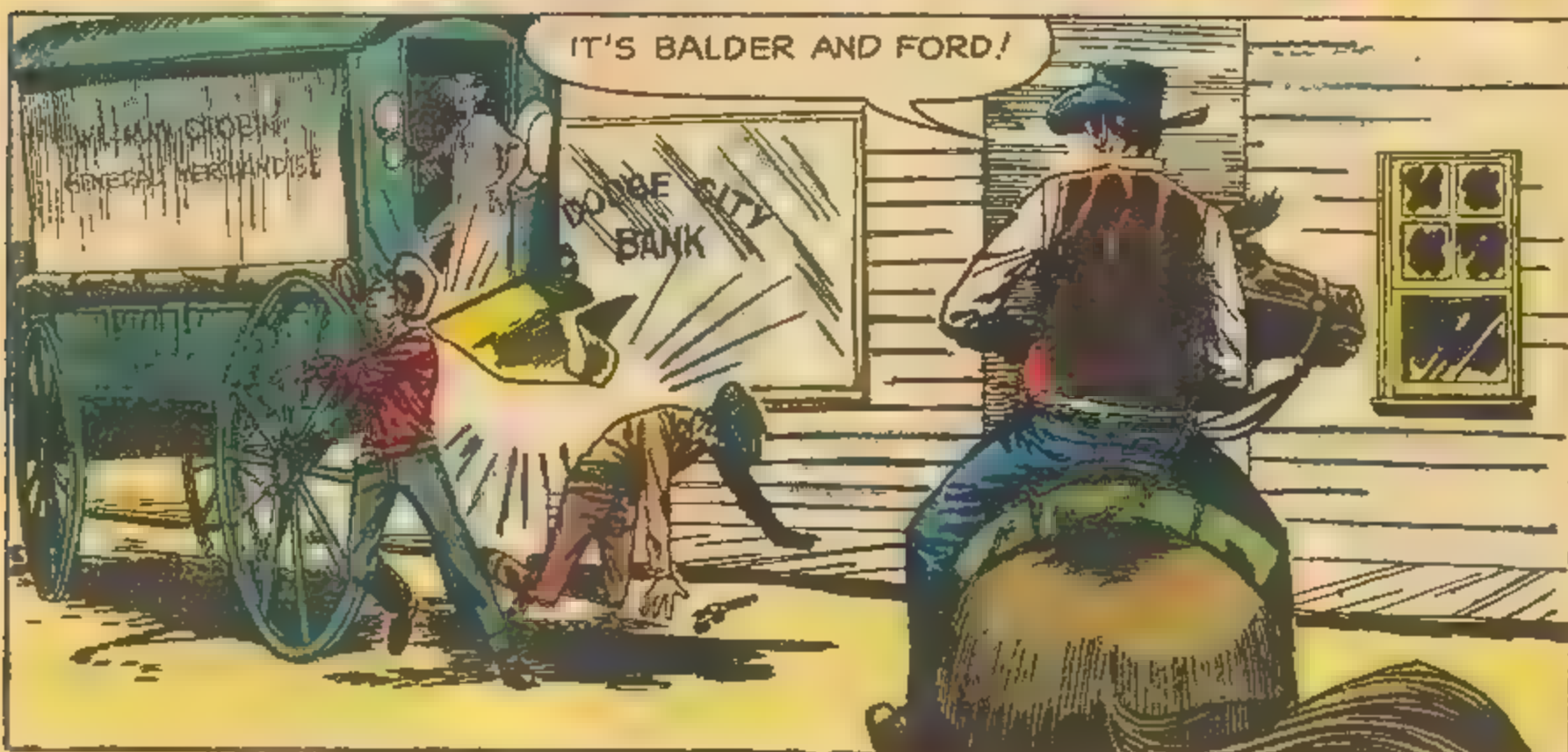


NOW'S MY  
CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT, JETT!  
CUT LOOSE!



IT'S BALDER AND FORD!



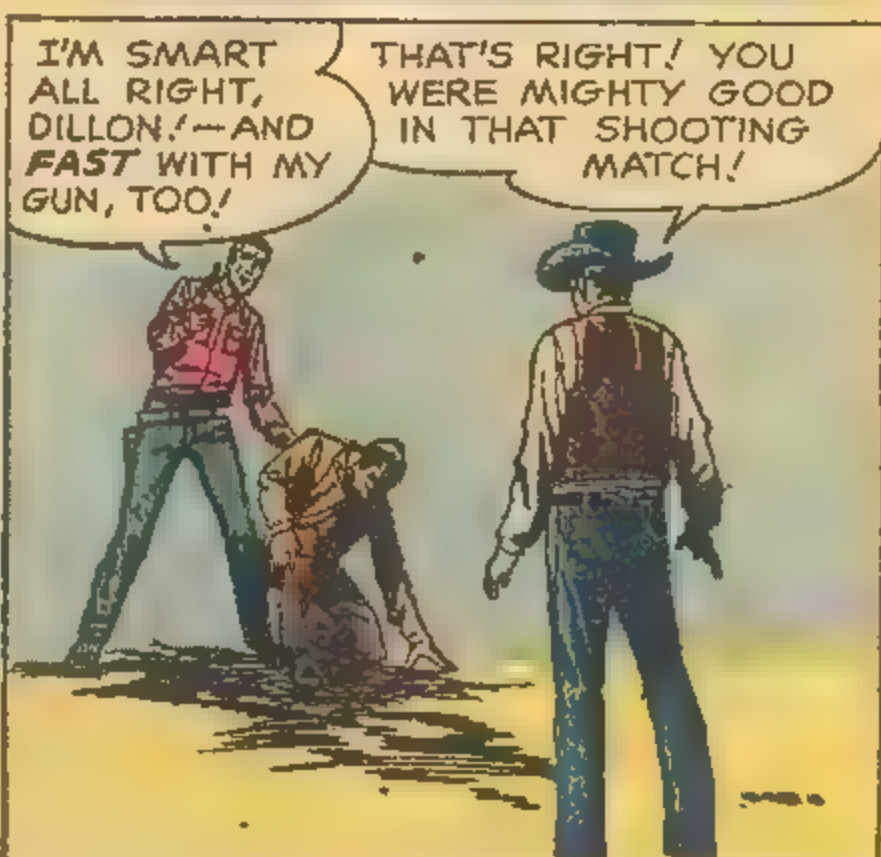
HOLD IT, DILLON!  
DON'T GET BRAVE!

MITCH, YOU'LL  
DROP THAT GUN  
IF YOU'RE SMART.

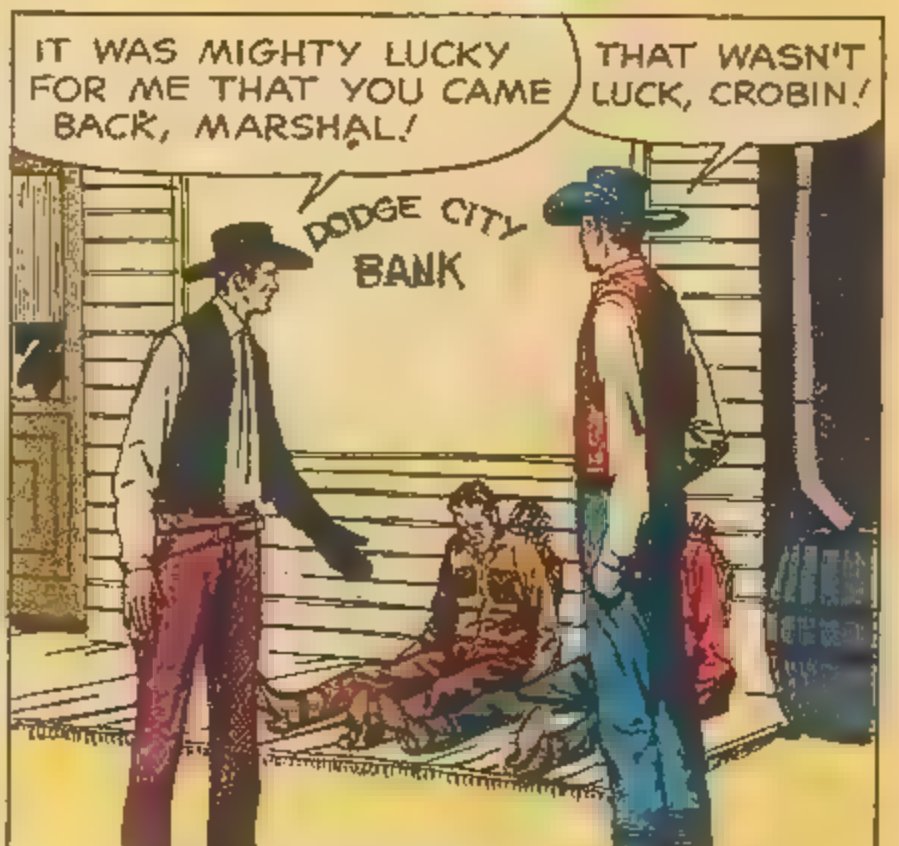
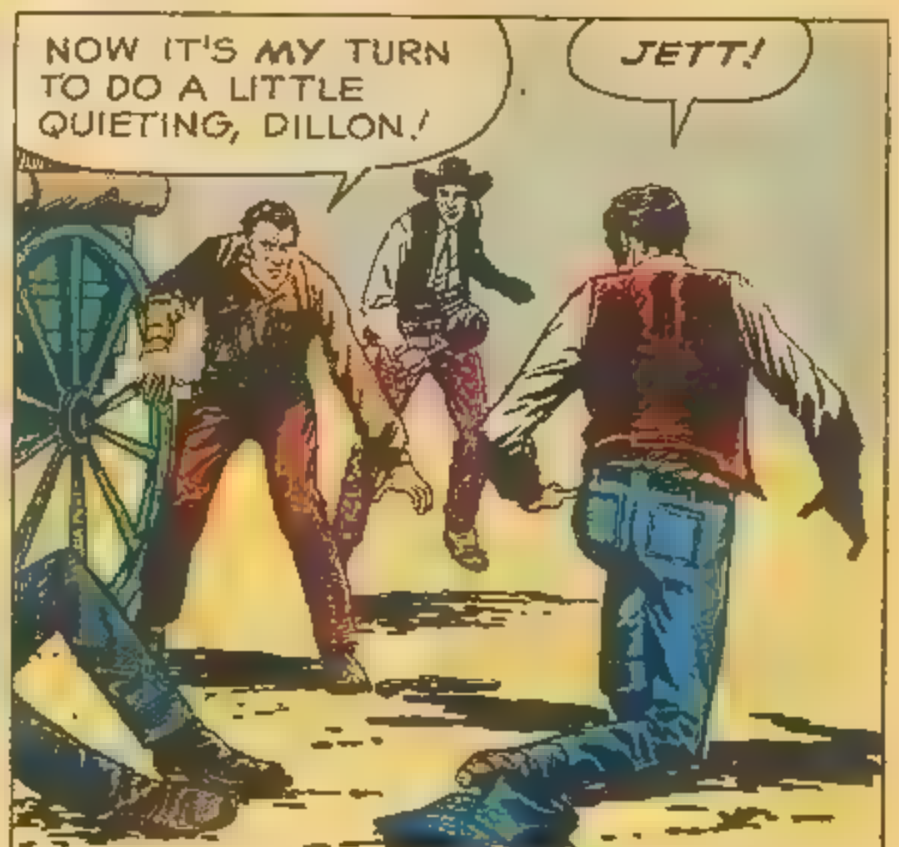
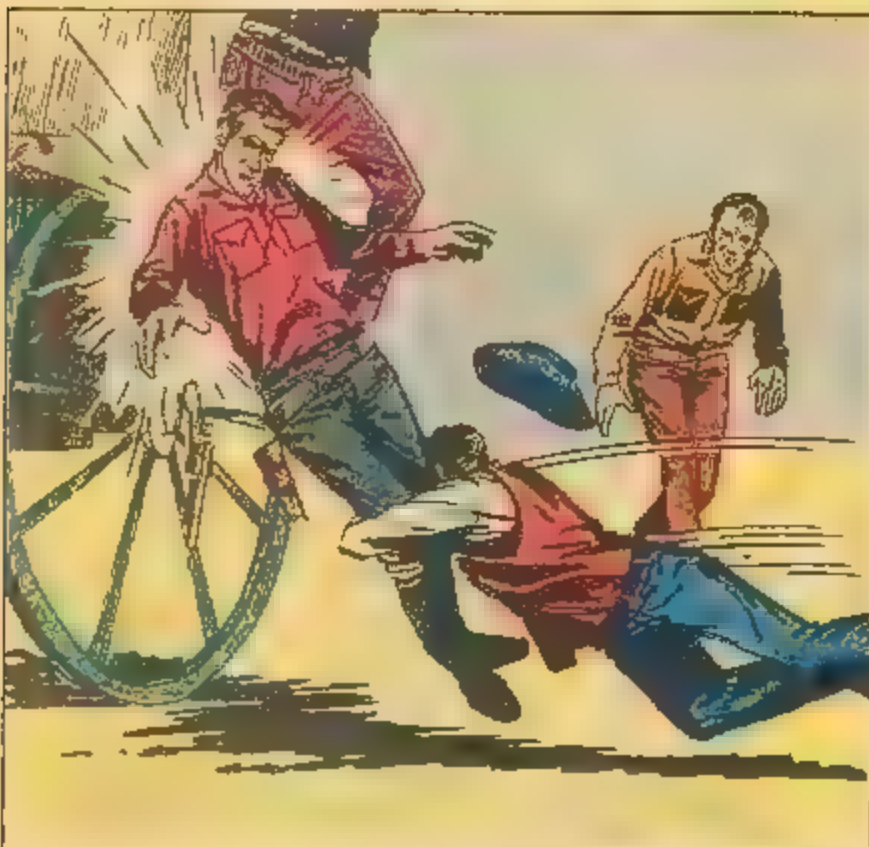
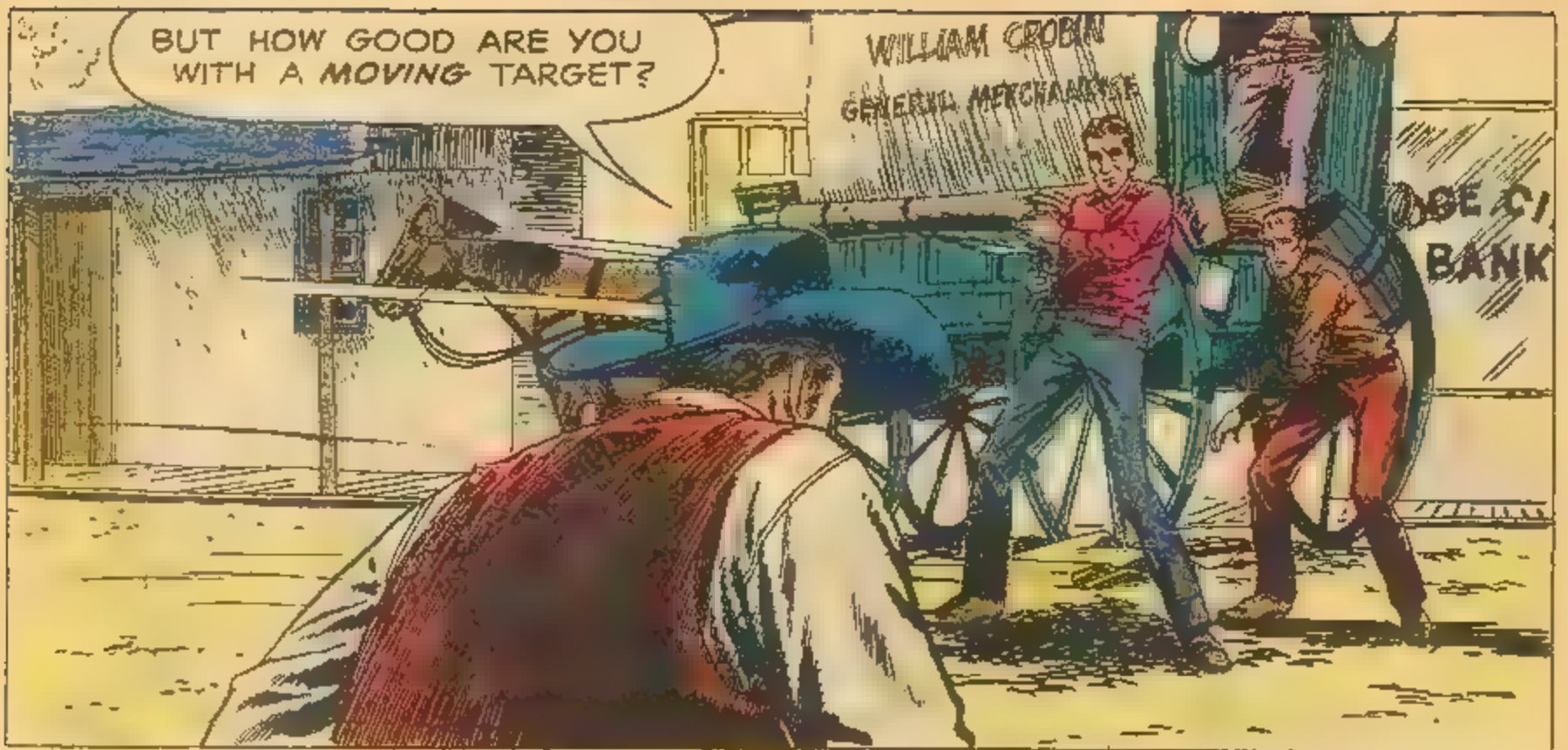


I'M SMART  
ALL RIGHT,  
DILLON!—AND  
**FAST** WITH MY  
GUN, TOO!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU  
WERE MIGHTY GOOD  
IN THAT SHOOTING  
MATCH!



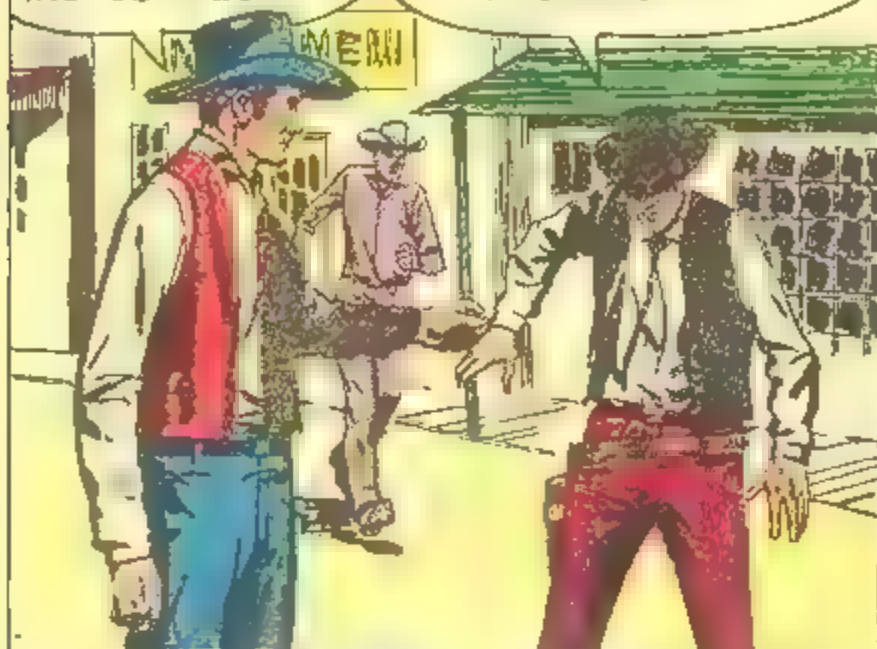






YOU FORGOT TO RETURN THE GUN YOU BORROWED FOR THE SHOOTING CONTEST!

**GOOD GRIEF!** I HAD IT ON ME ALL THE TIME AND NEVER DREAMED OF USING IT!



RECKON THAT PROVES WHAT I ALWAYS SAID. A MAN DOESN'T **NEED** A GUN-- EVEN IN A TOWN LIKE DODGE!

YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, CROBIN! BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A COLT 45 CAN BE A MIGHTY BIG COMFORT TO A MAN IN NEED!



AT LEAST I'VE GOT MY MONEY BACK! THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO ME!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, SON! YOU'VE GOT **TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS** NOW!



I OFFERED A THOUSAND-DOLLAR **REWARD** FOR CAPTURING THOSE TWO BUZZARDS-- AND IT'S YOURS!



WELL, I RECKON YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DODGE, BILLY!

NO, MARSHAL! I LIKE THIS TOWN. I THINK I'M GOING TO **STAY!**



AND SO A MONTH LATER...

YES SIR, MR. DILLON, THIS TOWN'S GROWING UP REAL FAST!

WITH FINE CITIZENS LIKE BILLY CROBIN SETTLING DOWN HERE, I'VE GOT HIGH HOPES FOR DODGE!

**CROBIN'S EMPORIUM**

GENERAL MERCHANDISE



THE END



# Vanishing GOLD



The strangest story that ever came out of the famous Dapple Creek gold diggings in California probably concerned big "Forge" Hamilton, the blacksmith. "Forge" arrived early in the 70's at about the time the miners were being robbed blind of their gold dust.

Miners' pokes in their lonely cabins were being lifted, and the strongbox at the Darrell and Wainscot Express office was proving not to be so strong after all. It was obviously the work of a well-organized local gang.

Big Forge Hamilton set up his blacksmith shop in an old barn which he repaired. There grew to be a kind of mystery about the shop. During the day he repaired mining equipment and shod horses from a hundred miles around. But at night he locked the door and kept the windows tightly shuttered. Muffled sounds of some activity could be heard.

When they asked him he would say, "A man has to work hard to get ahead."

Forge soon became an important man at the diggings. He led the move to do something about the gold robberies.

"It's someone among us," he declared at town meeting. "If we can't catch them taking the gold, we'll catch them going out with it. There's only one way out from town through these mountains. If we guard Pinon Pass and search everything going out, we're bound to catch them."

So they searched every man going out. They stopped the weekly stage and practically took it apart; they opened luggage

and boxes. They did this for weeks on end. But miners kept losing gold, and presumably it was somehow getting out of Dapple Creek.

It remained for a miner's young son, Seth Barlow, to get at the bottom of the mystery. Once after a trip "outside" on the stage, Seth in great excitement told his father something. That night a group of hard-bitten men gathered around Forge Hamilton's blacksmith shop. Some of them climbed up and knocked the shuttered windows out with gun butts. They leveled down on Forge and they had him dead-to-rights. Working at his anvil, he was fashioning as strangely beautiful a horseshoe as ever came under the sight of man.

*It was a horseshoe of solid gold!*

They found more of the golden horseshoes in the shop and a quantity of gold nuggets. Forge had been secretly shoeing the stagecoach horses with shoes of gold, and getting the stolen metal out of the diggings by that method. He turned state's evidence on the other men involved, and the whole gang was rounded up.

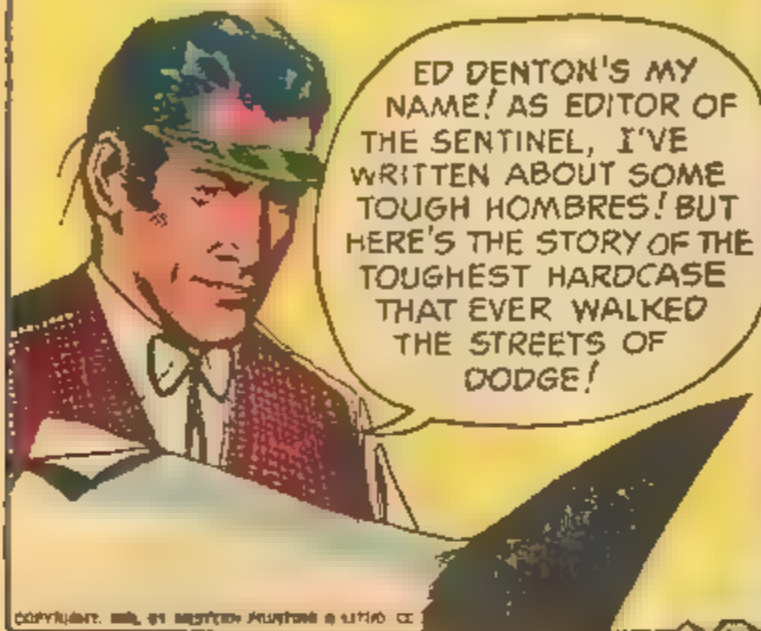
"But what made you suspect, boy?" the miners asked of Seth Barlow.

"I was leaning out of the stagecoach watching the horses' hoofs when we were climbing Two-Mile Hill," grinned Seth. "But horseshoes cut back sparks from granite rock—iron ones do. I like to watch the sparks. But these shoes didn't give off any sparks! I got to wondering. . . ."

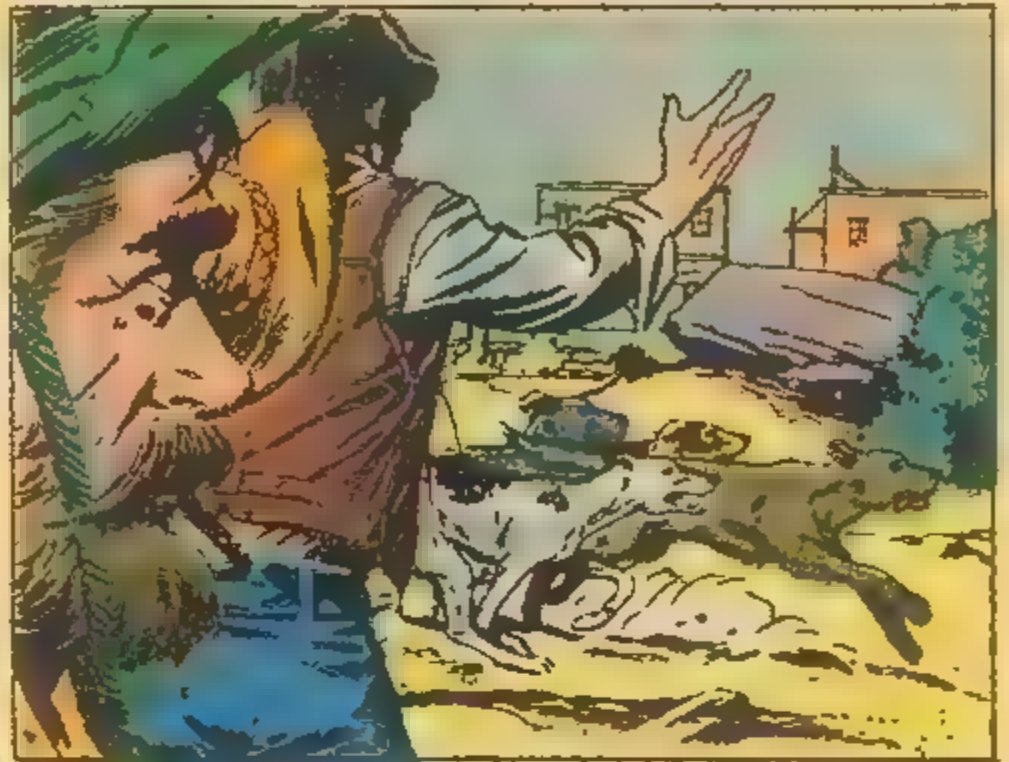


# True Tales of Dodge City

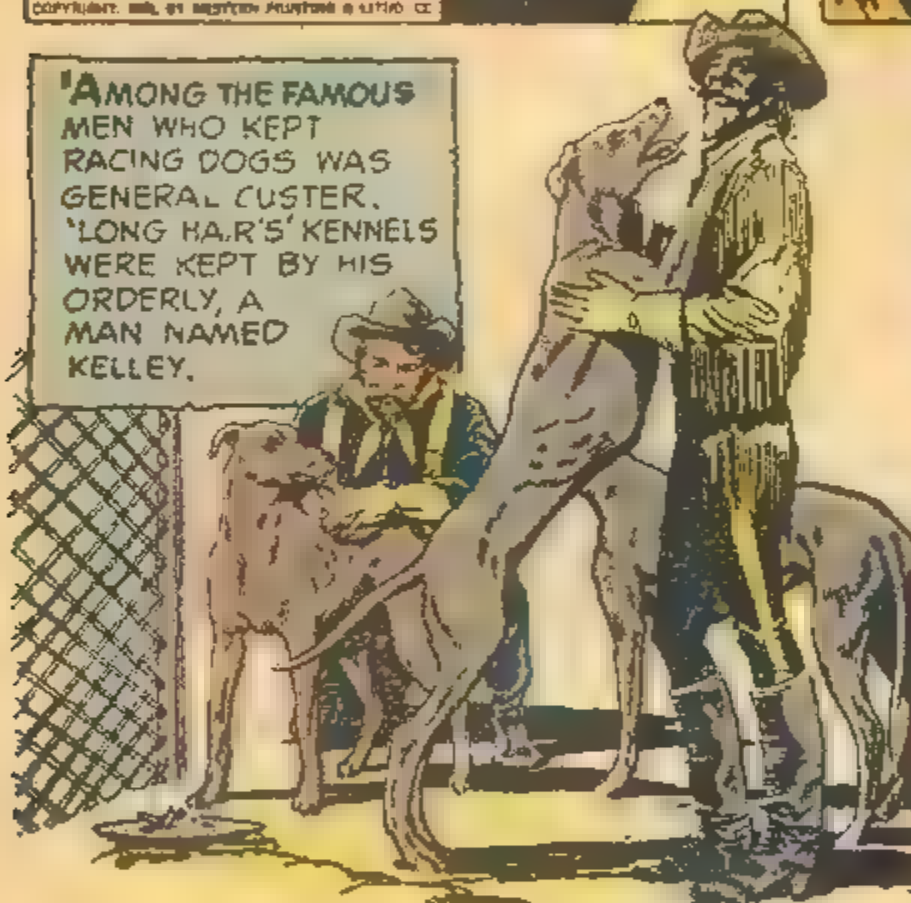
## THE HARDCASE



"THE STORY BEGAN IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN DODGE CITY GAMBLERS BEGAN TO ORGANIZE DOG RACES.



"AMONG THE FAMOUS MEN WHO KEPT RACING DOGS WAS GENERAL CUSTER. 'LONG HAIR'S' KENNELS WERE KEPT BY HIS ORDERLY, A MAN NAMED KELLEY.



"THE ORDERLY WAS KNOWN AS 'DOG' KELLEY. LATER WHEN HE BECAME MAYOR OF DODGE, HE HAD HIS OWN GREYHOUNDS AND USED THEM FOR HUNTING.

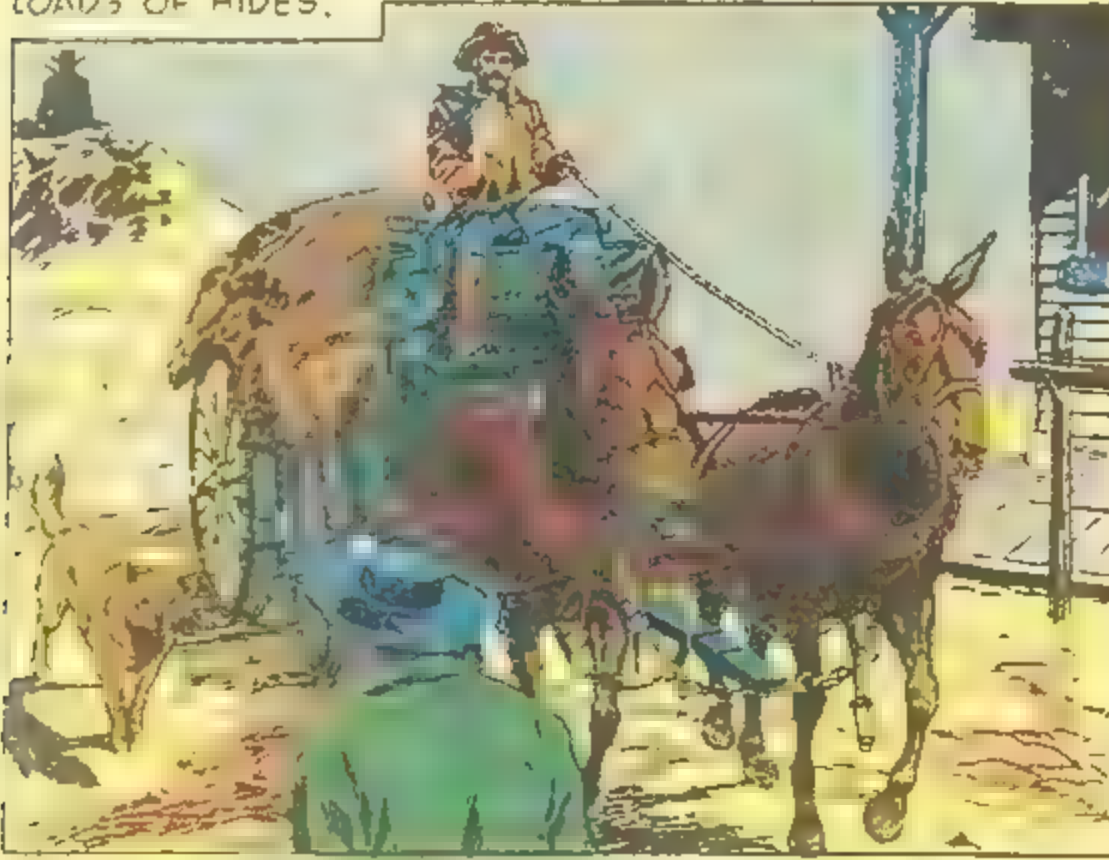


"TOUGHENED BY RACING AND HUNTING, KELLEY'S DOGS WERE A HARD-BITTEN LOT AND THEY RULED THE ROOST AMONG THE DOGS IN DODGE.





"THEN, ONE DAY A COUPLE OF BUFFALO HUNTERS - THE MOOAR BROTHERS - RODE INTO DODGE CITY WITH SEVERAL WAGON LOADS OF HIDES.



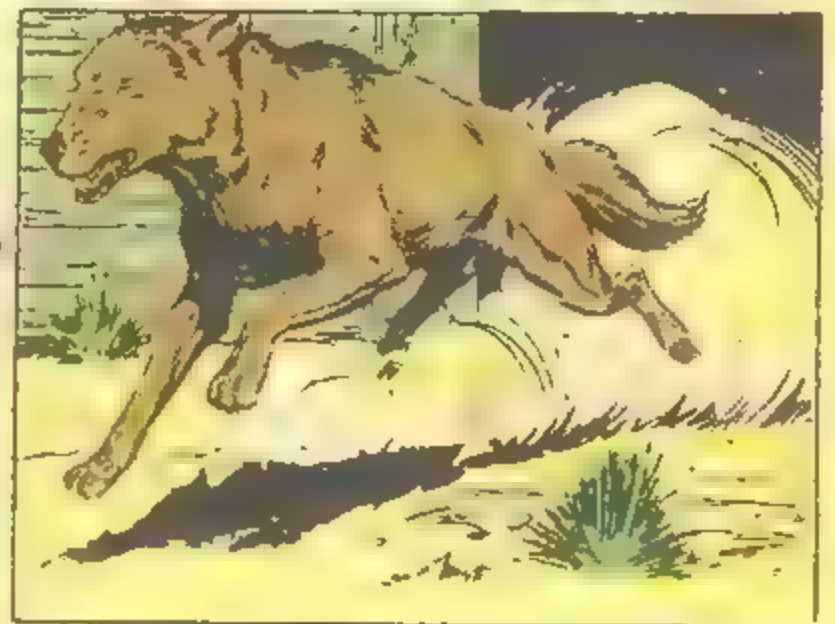
"ON THEIR LAST TRIP THROUGH THE BUFFALO COUNTRY THE MOOARS HAD BOUGHT A DOG FROM A BAND OF ARAPAHO INDIANS. ITS NAME WAS TOUS -- A QUIET BEAST THAT WALKED MODESTLY BEHIND HIS MASTER.



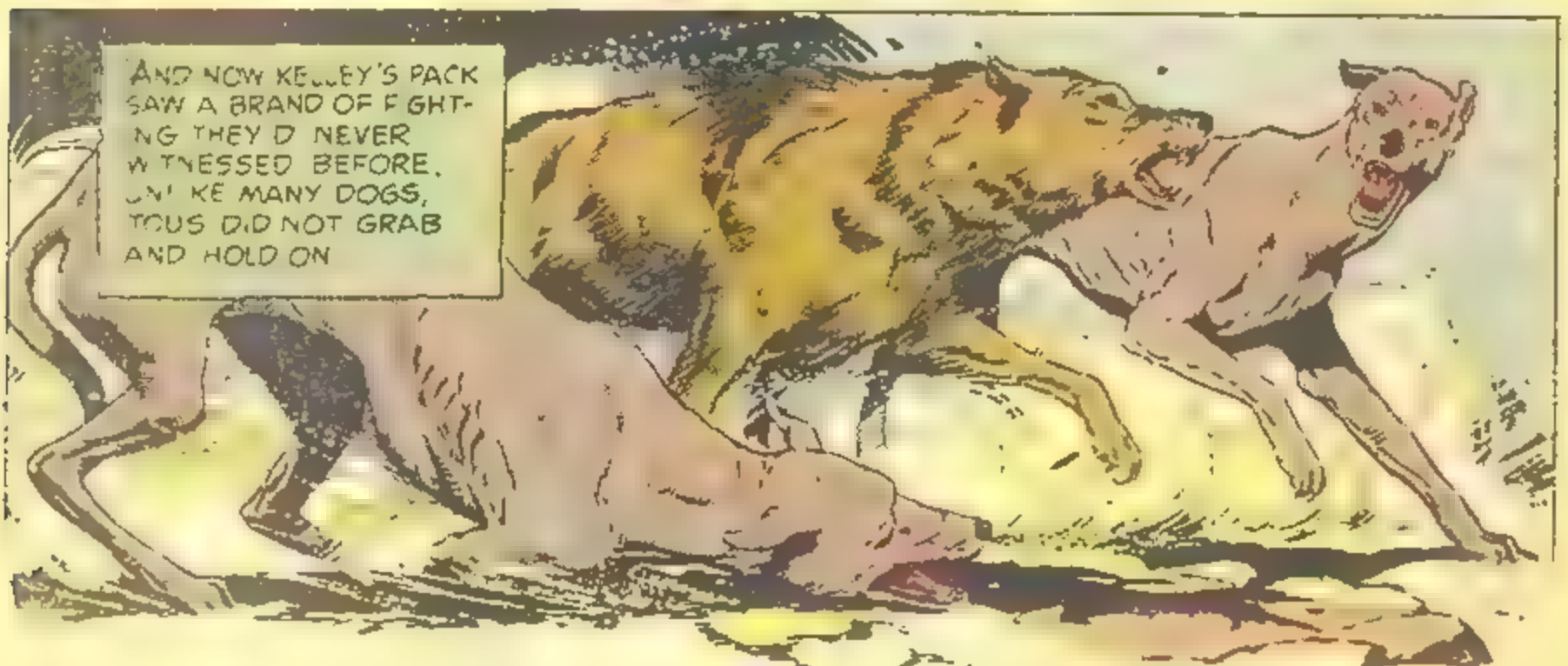
"A NEW DOG IN TOWN! KELLEY'S GREYHOUNDS DECIDED TO TEACH HIM HIS PLACE.



"BUT THE NEWCOMER DIDN'T SCARE EASILY. IN THE INDIAN CAMPS OUT ON THE PLAINS HE HAD FOUGHT TOUGHER OPPONENTS THAN THESE



AND NOW KELLEY'S PACK SAW A BRAND OF FIGHTING THEY'D NEVER WITNESSED BEFORE. UNLIKE MANY DOGS, TOUS DID NOT GRAB AND HOLD ON





"TOUS WAS PART BUFFALO-WOLF. FROM HIS LOBO ANCESTORS HE HAD LEARNED TO SNAP AND THEN FLING HIS ENEMY ASIDE THAT WAY HE COULD HANDLE AS MANY HOUNDS AS ATTACKED HIM.



"WHEN DOG KELLEY SAW HIS BELOVED GREYHOUNDS GETTING THE WORST OF IT HE WENT FOR HIS GUN.



"ONE OF THE MOOAR BROTHERS SAW THE MOVE, AND STEPPED FORWARD TO STOP KELLEY-- WITH NOTHING BUT A WATER BUCKET FOR A WEAPON



"BUT THE CITIZENS OF DODGE ALWAYS FAVORED FAIR PLAY. BIG JACK WILLIAMS HAD ALREADY DRAWN A BEAD ON KELLEY.



"THAT SHARP'S 'BIG FIFTY' COULD KNOCK DOWN A BUFFALO AT A HUNDRED YARDS. FOR A MOMENT IT LOOKED LIKE OPEN WARFARE ON THE STREETS OF DODGE

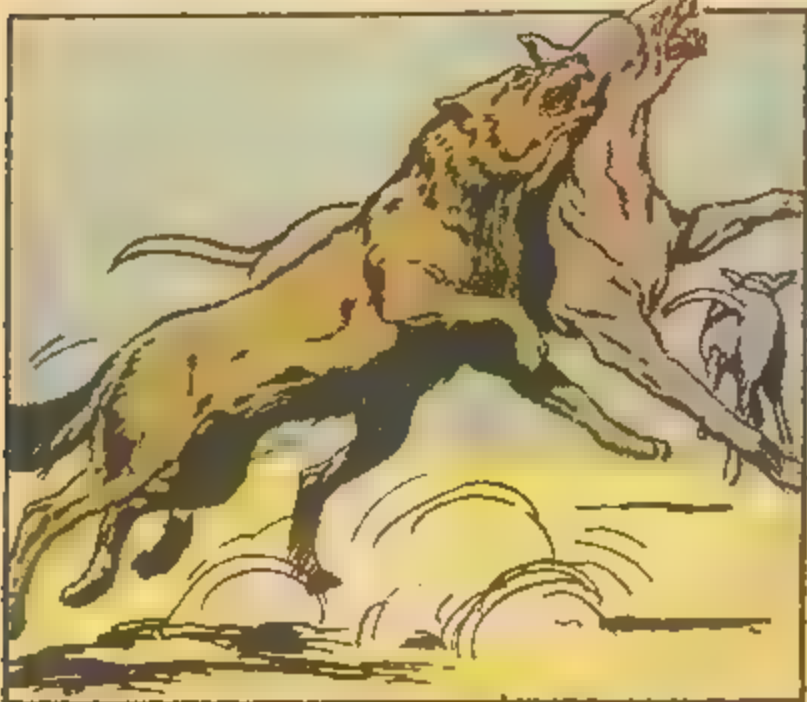


"BUT DOG KELLEY WAS A SENSIBLE MAN. IN THE FACE OF THAT BUFFALO GUN, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT PUT AWAY HIS HARDWARE.

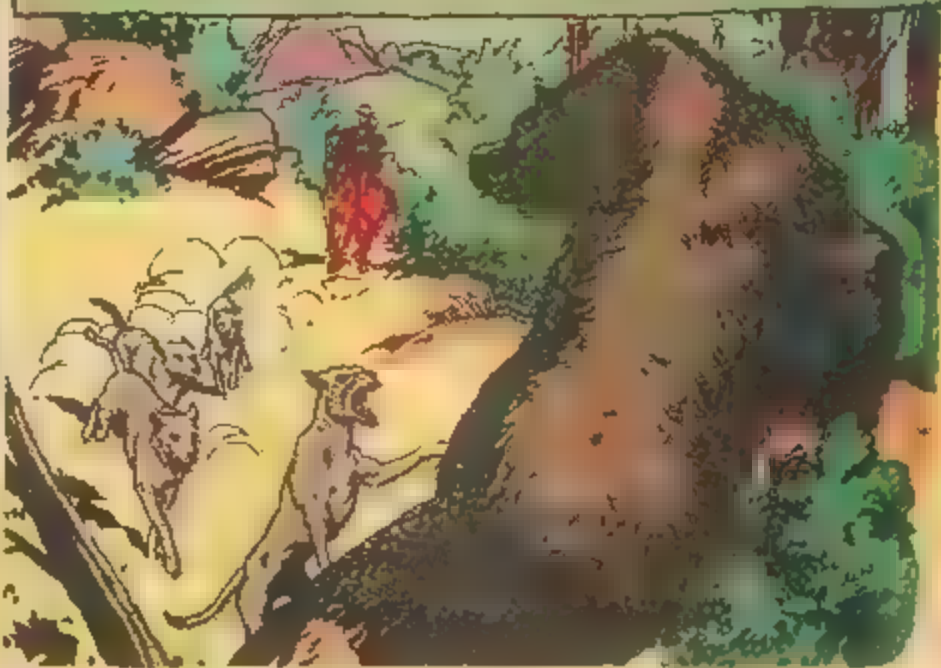




"MEANWHILE, TOUS WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THAT GREYHOUND PACK.



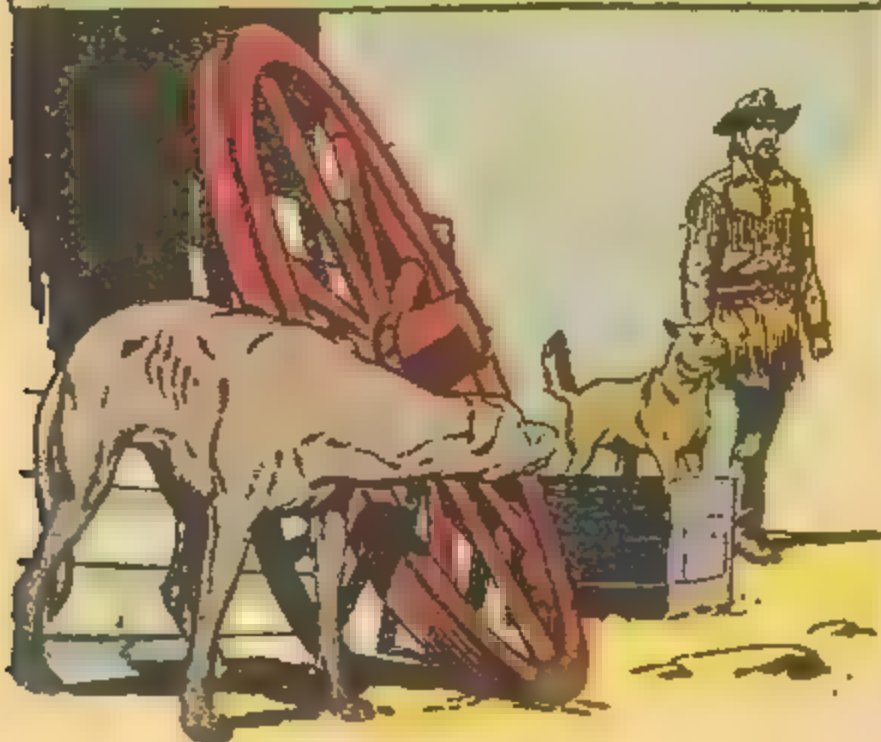
"FOR YEARS AFTERWARD, DOG KELLEY KEPT HIS GREYHOUNDS. COURAGEOUS TO THE CORE, THEY WOULD TACKLE ANY WILD BEAST AT HIS COMMAND



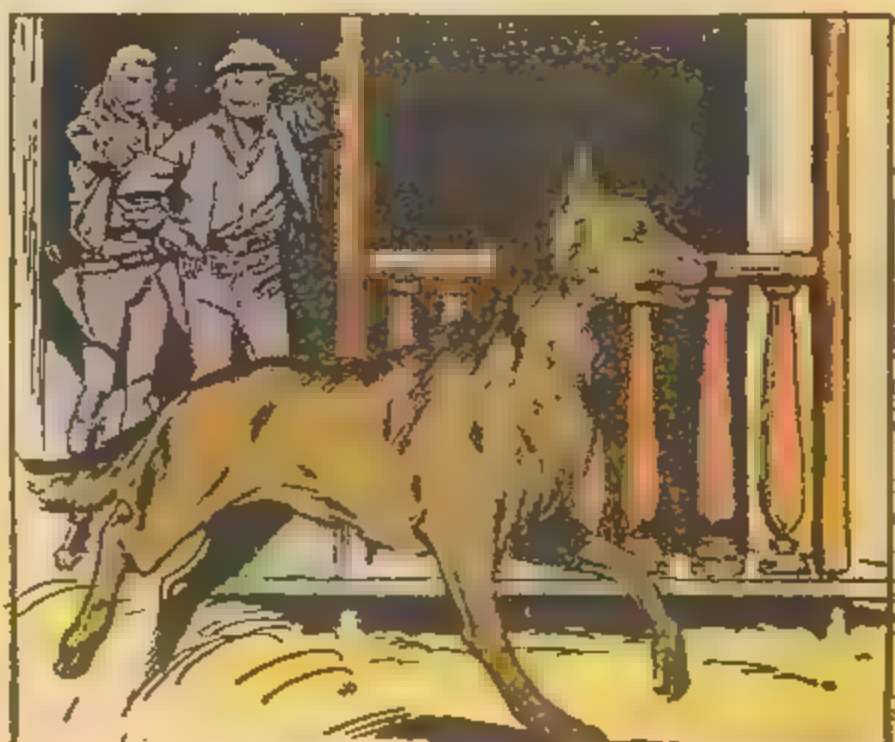
"AND THOSE DOGS STILL RULED THE ROOST AMONG THE FOUR-FOOTED CITIZENS IN DODGE



"BUT WHENEVER TOUS CAME TO TOWN, THOSE GREYHOUNDS WERE SMART ENOUGH TO MAKE THEMSELVES SCARCE.



"FOR TOUS HAD PROVED HE WAS THE TOUGHEST HARDCASE THAT EVER WALKED THE STREETS OF DODGE "





# GUNSMOKE

## THE BOUNTY-HUNTER

LOOKS LIKE JEB DOANE ISN'T BUSY! RECKON THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO GET A SHAVE! SEE YOU LATER, CHESTER!

I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE, MR DILLON!

MORNING, JEB. HOW ABOUT A SHAVE?

MA-MARSHAL DI-DILLON!

JEB, WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SICK?

N-NO! SI-SIT DOWN! I'LL GET THE LATHER READY!

BUT MOMENTS LATER...

JEB, YOUR HAND'S SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! I THINK YOU'D BETTER LET ME FINISH THE JOB.

RECKON I AM PRETTY SHAKY, MATT!

JEB, SOMETHING'S GOT YOU WORRIED! WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, --IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO!

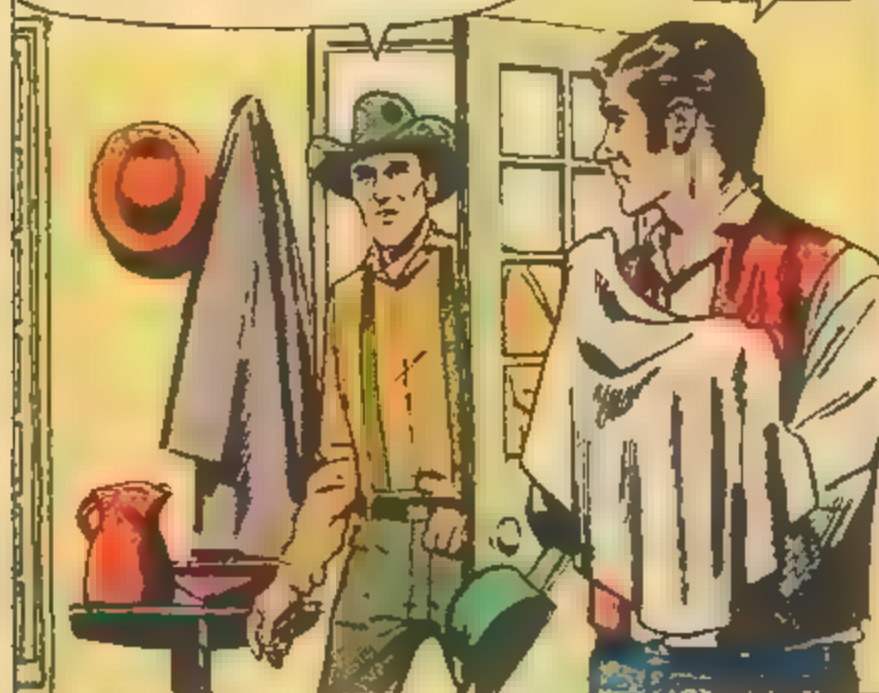
I JUST GOT SOME **BAD NEWS!** I--I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT, MATT!



AT THAT MOMENT...

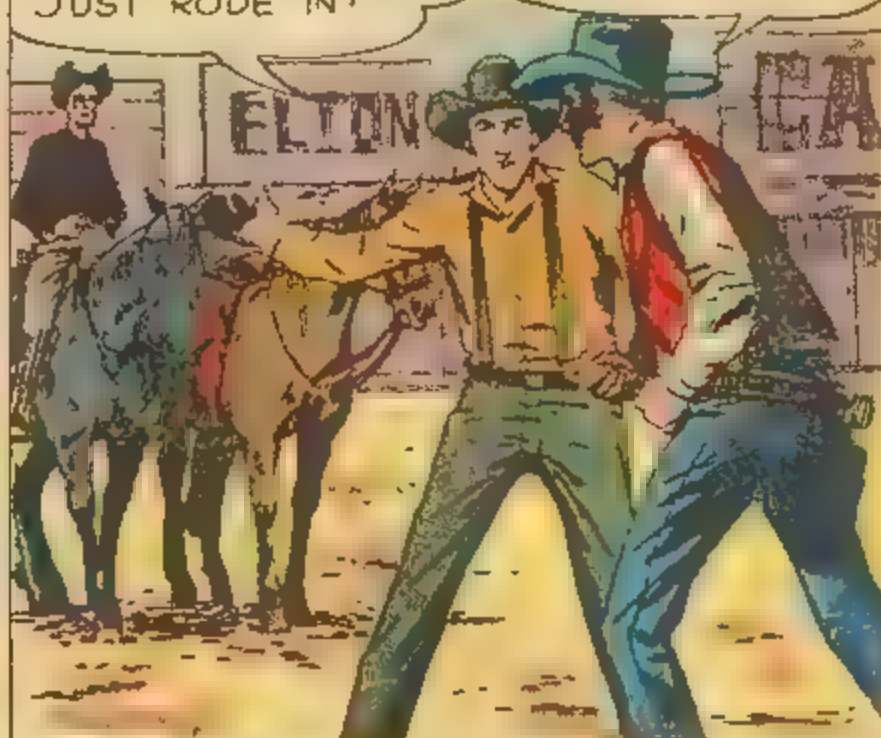
TROUBLE, MR. DILLON!  
BETTER COME QUICK!

I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
CHESTER!



THERE IT IS—TROUBLE  
ON THE HOOF! HE  
JUST RODE IN!

WE'D BETTER  
CHECK, CHESTER!



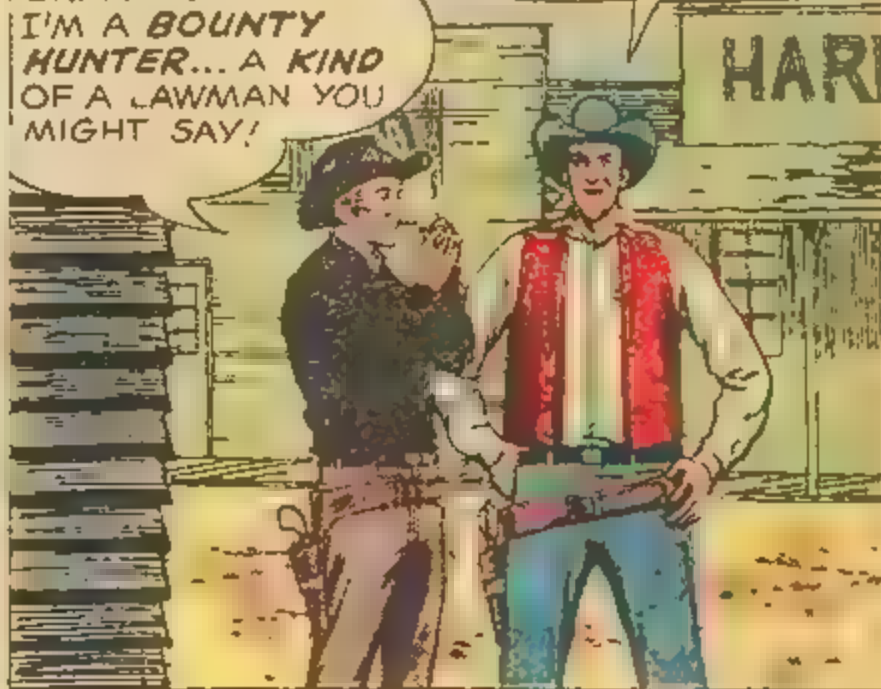
I'M MATT DILLON, THE  
MARSHAL HERE IN  
DODGE! WHO ARE  
YOU AND WHO'S  
YOUR FRIEND?

WOLF FERRIS IS MY  
NAME! THIS OTHER  
HOMBRE WAS  
MIKE BIXBY!



HE WAS WANTED IN  
CONCHO CITY FOR  
MURDER! I WAS  
BRINGING HIM IN!  
I'M A **BOUNTY  
HUNTER**... A **KIND**  
OF A LAWMAN YOU  
MIGHT SAY!

I MIGHT SAY IT,  
BUT I WON'T WHAT  
HAPPENED TO B. XBY?



I WAS BRINGING HIM BACK  
TO CONCHO FOR A THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR REWARD! HE JUMPED  
ME! I **HAD** TO PROTECT MYSELF!

BUT WHY  
BRING  
HIM INTO  
DODGE?

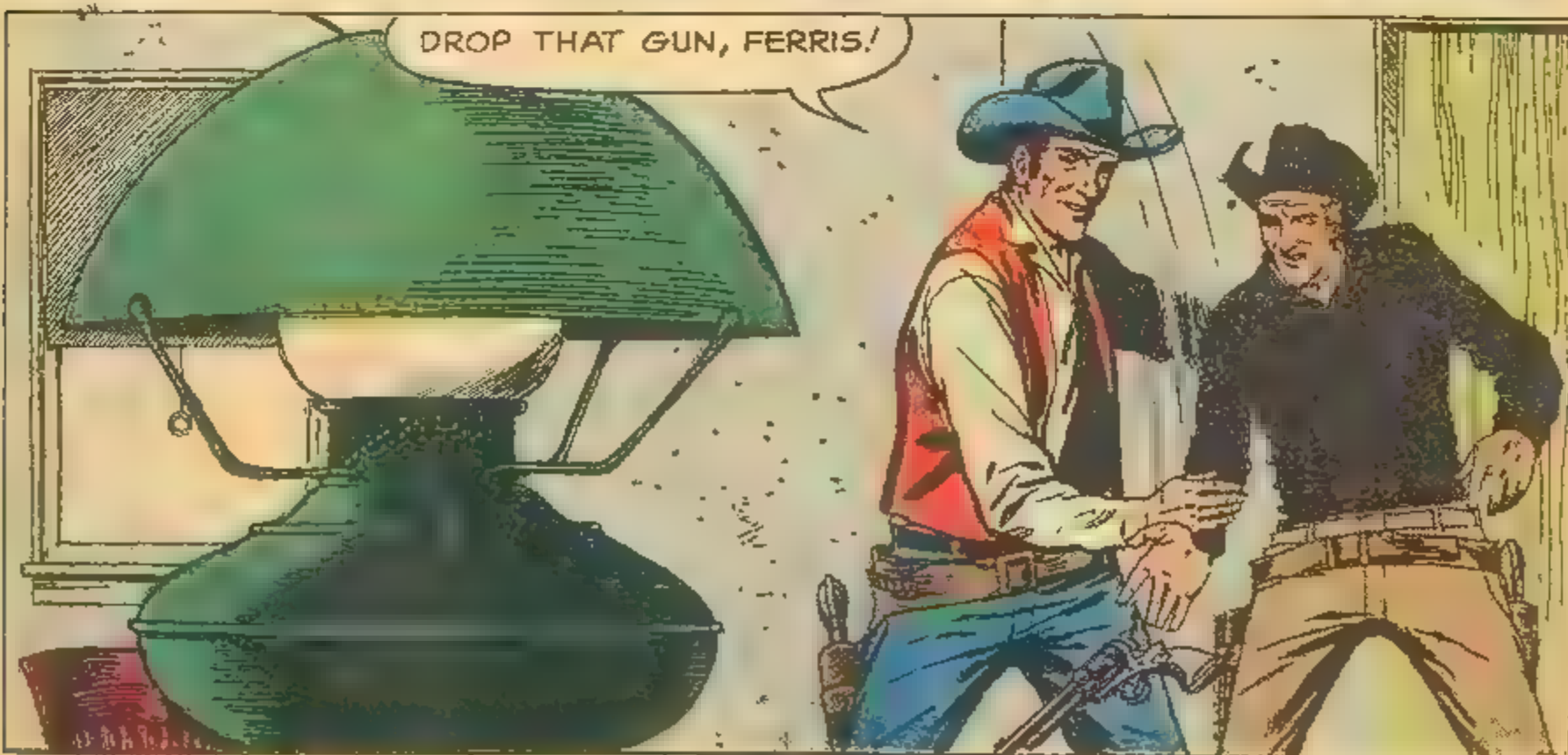
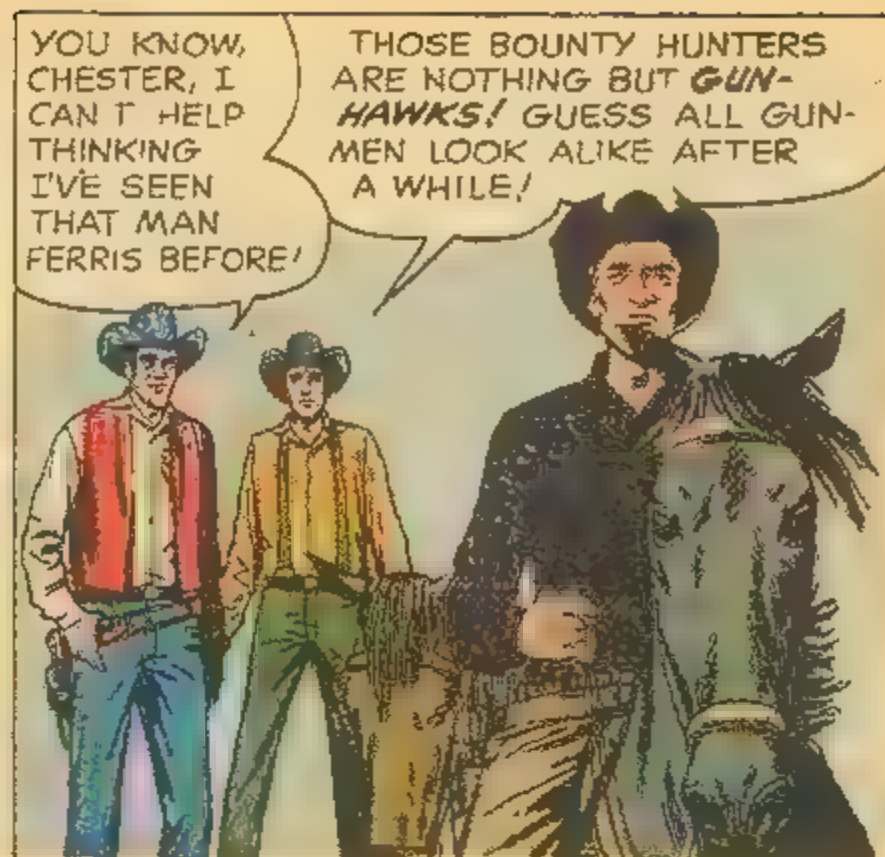
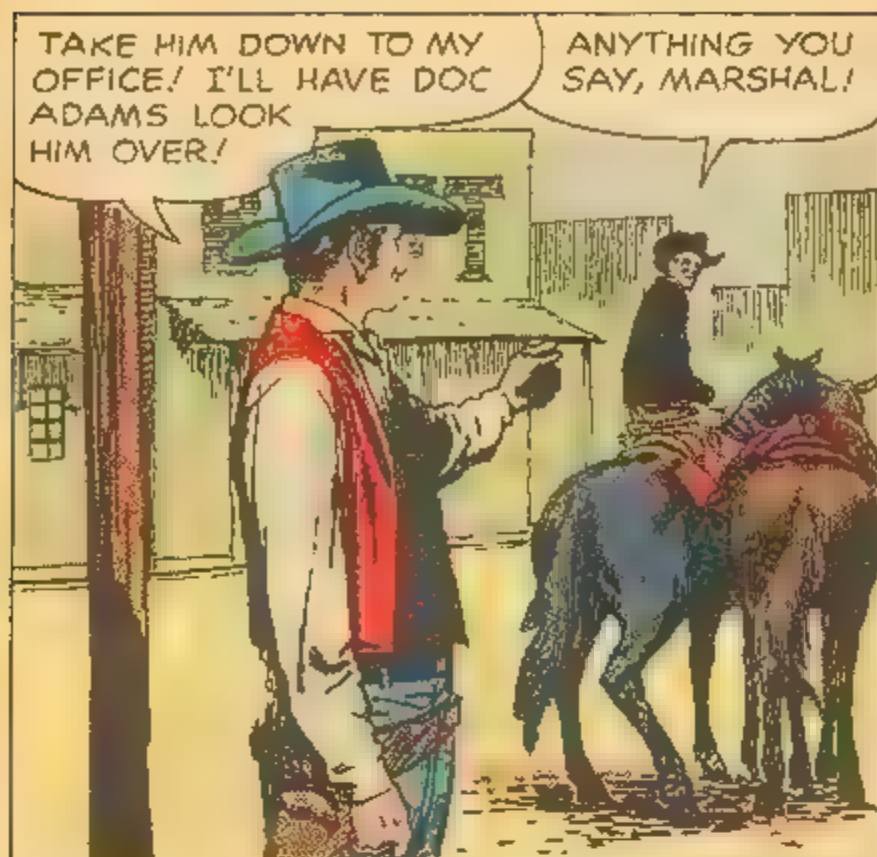


BIXBY WAS WELL KNOWN  
HERE, AND I NEED SOMEONE  
TO IDENTIFY HIM SO I CAN  
COLLECT THE REWARD!

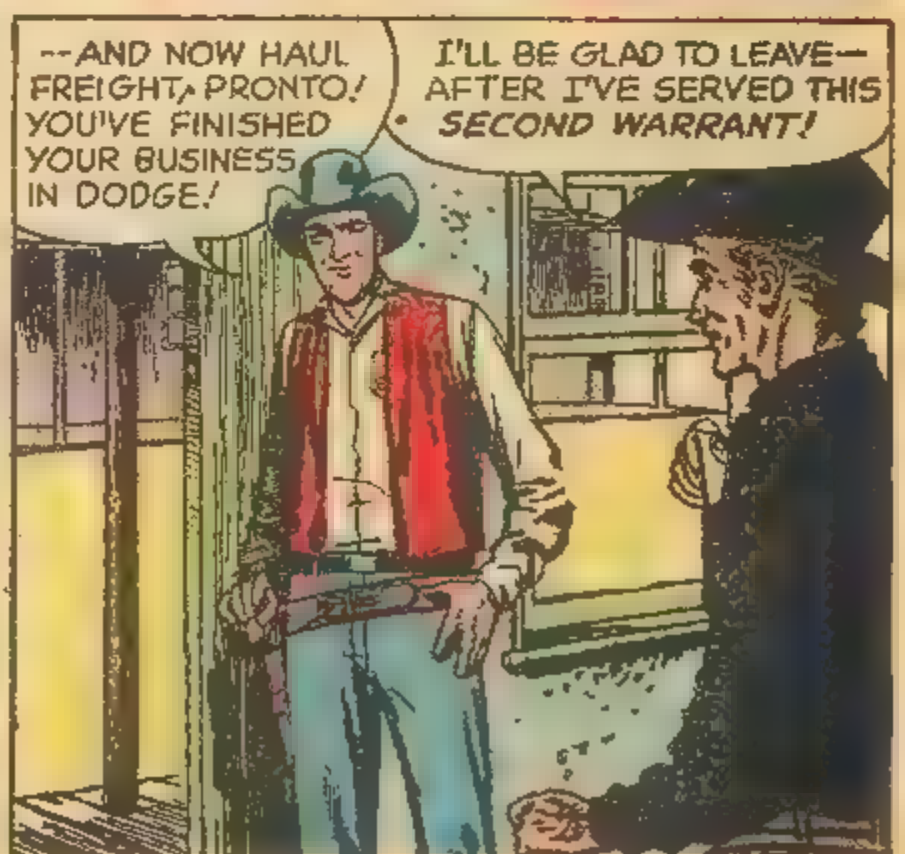
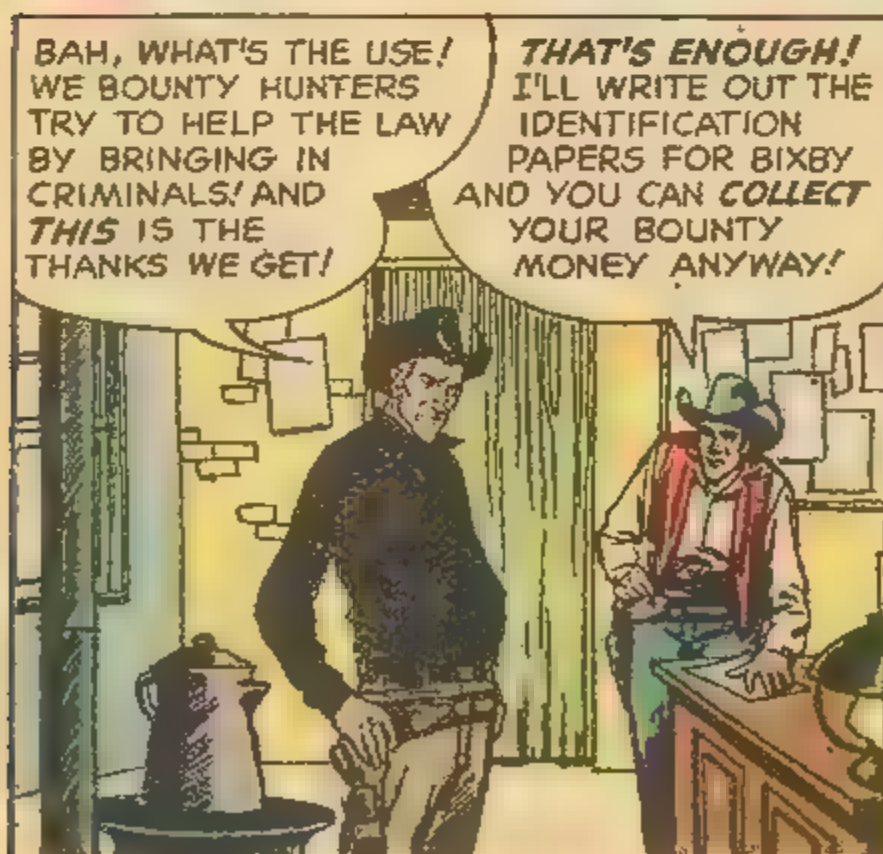
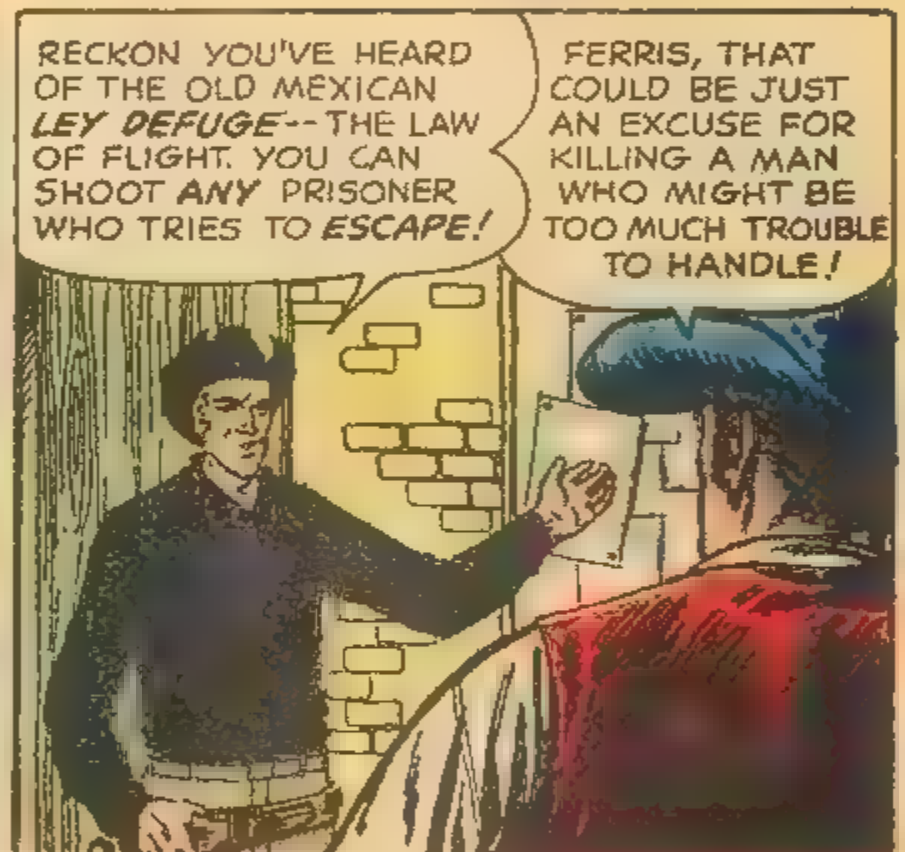
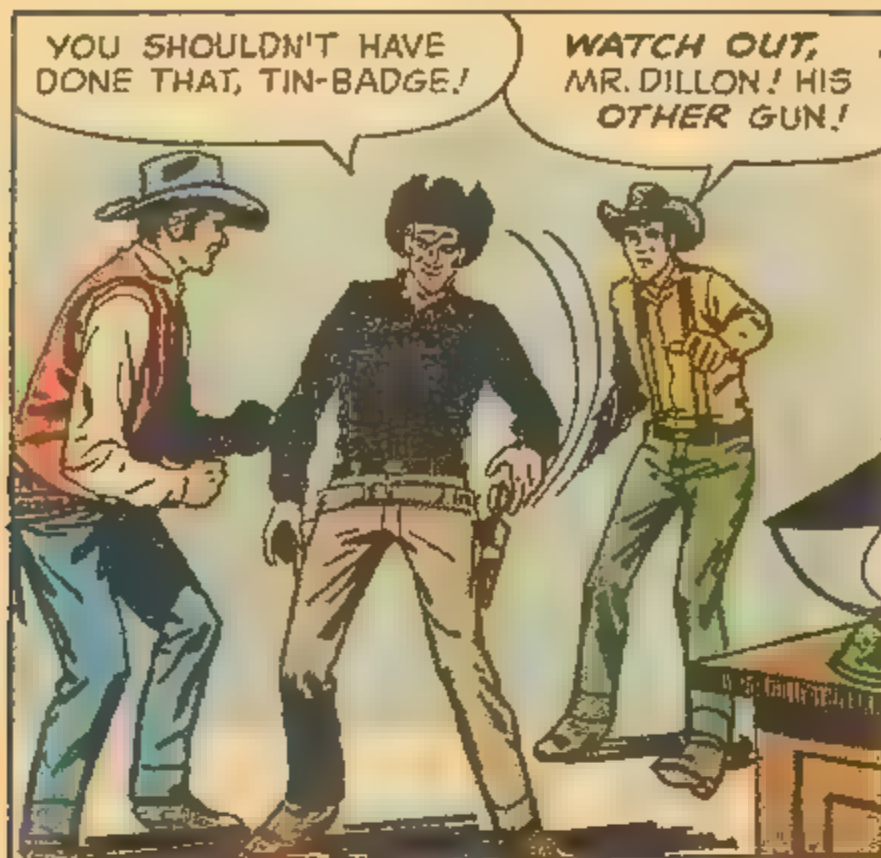
BEFORE I  
SIGN ANY-  
THING,  
THERE HAS  
TO BE AN  
INQUEST!



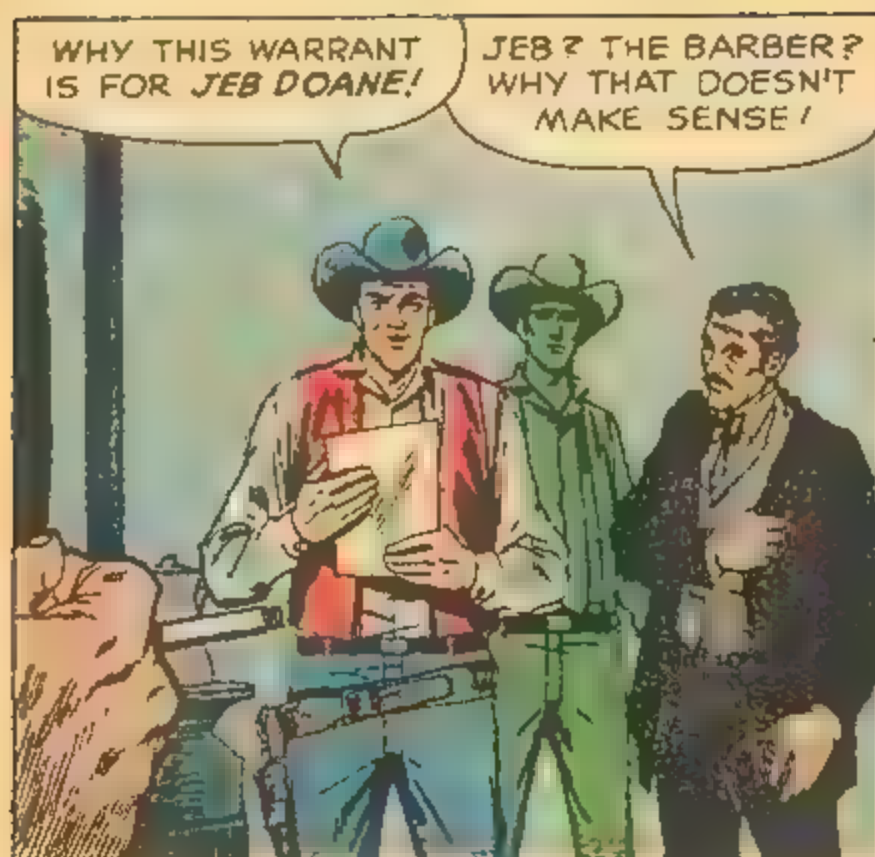






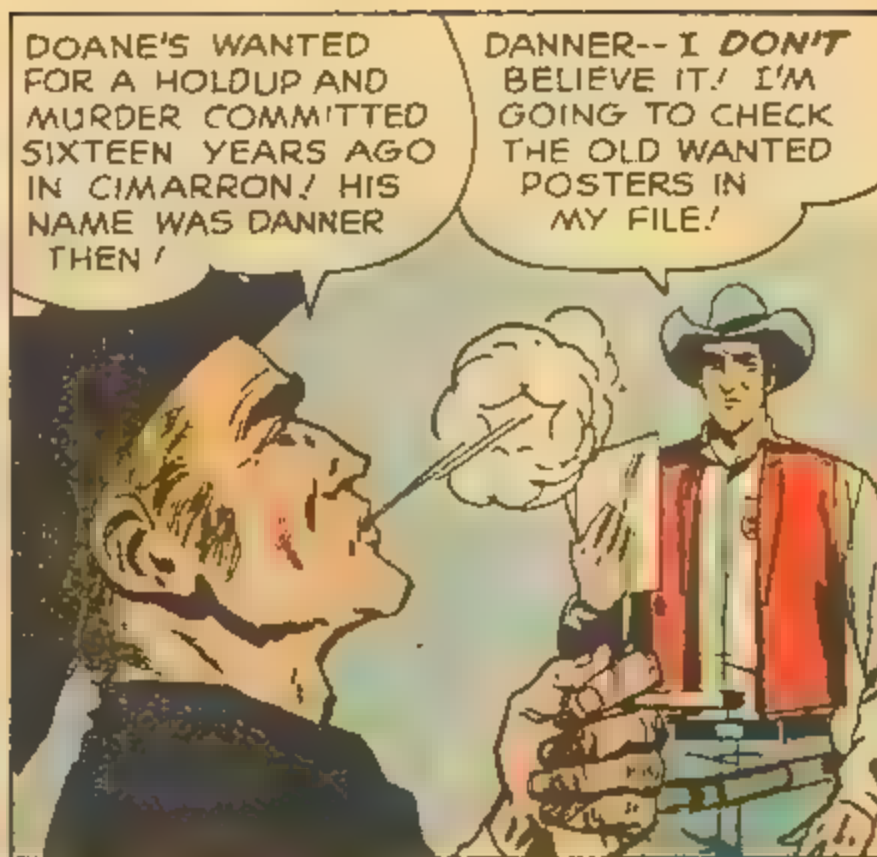






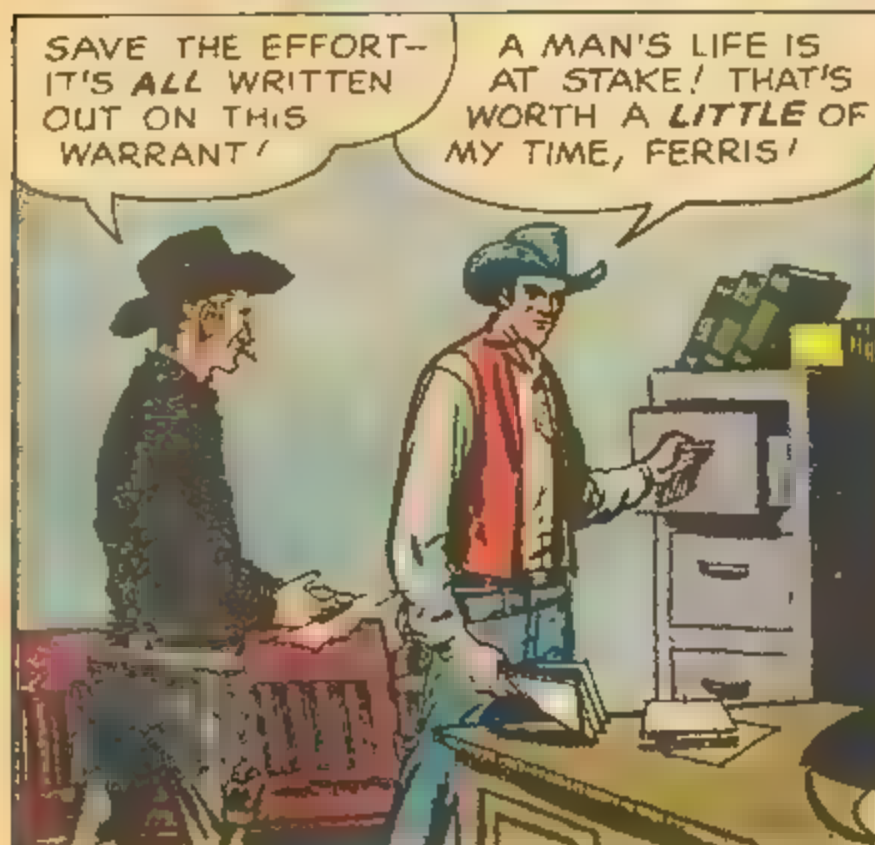
WHY THIS WARRANT IS FOR **JEB DOANE**!

JEB? THE BARBER? WHY THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



DOANE'S WANTED FOR A HOLDUP AND MURDER COMMITTED SIXTEEN YEARS AGO IN CIMARRON! HIS NAME WAS DANNER THEN!

DANNER-- I **DON'T** BELIEVE IT! I'M GOING TO CHECK THE OLD WANTED POSTERS IN MY FILE!



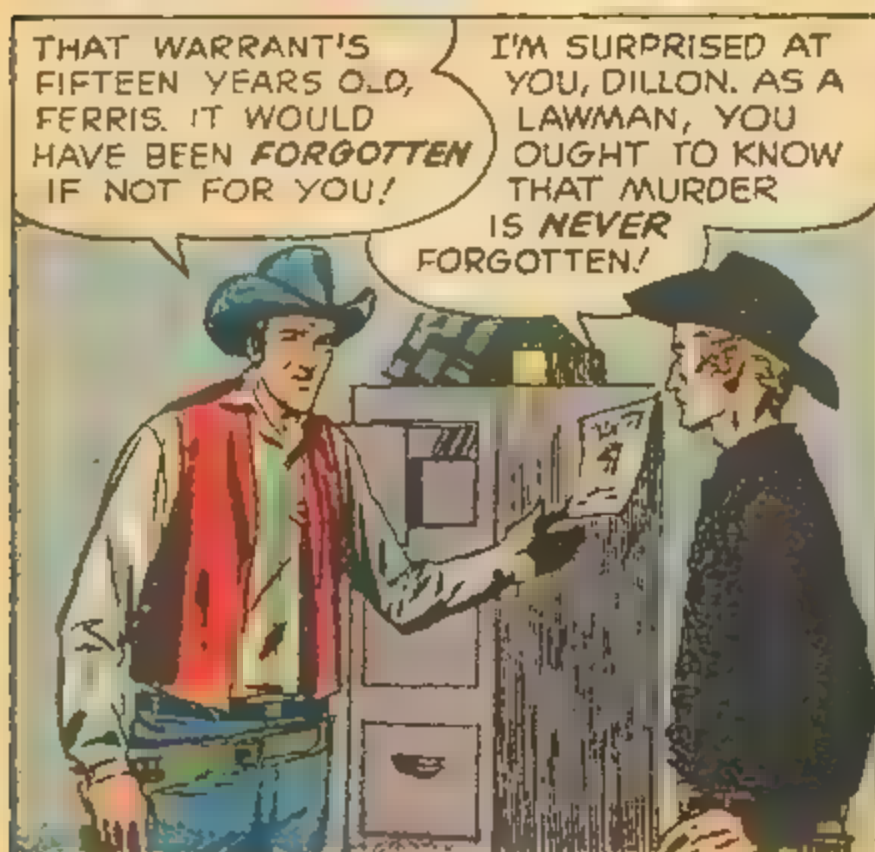
SAVE THE EFFORT-- IT'S **ALL** WRITTEN OUT ON THIS WARRANT!

A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE! THAT'S WORTH A **LITTLE** OF MY TIME, FERRIS!



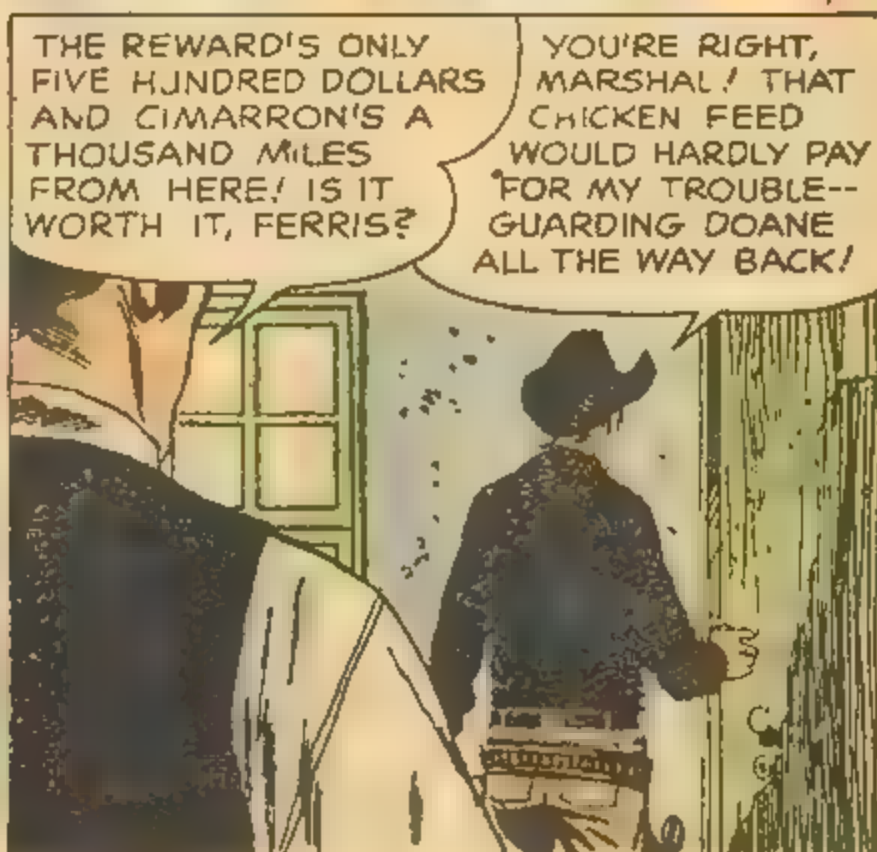
WELL, I'LL BE A RING-TAILED BABOON!

ADD FIFTEEN YEARS TO THAT FACE AND IT'S **JEB DOANE** ALL RIGHT!



THAT WARRANT'S FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, FERRIS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN **FORGOTTEN** IF NOT FOR YOU!

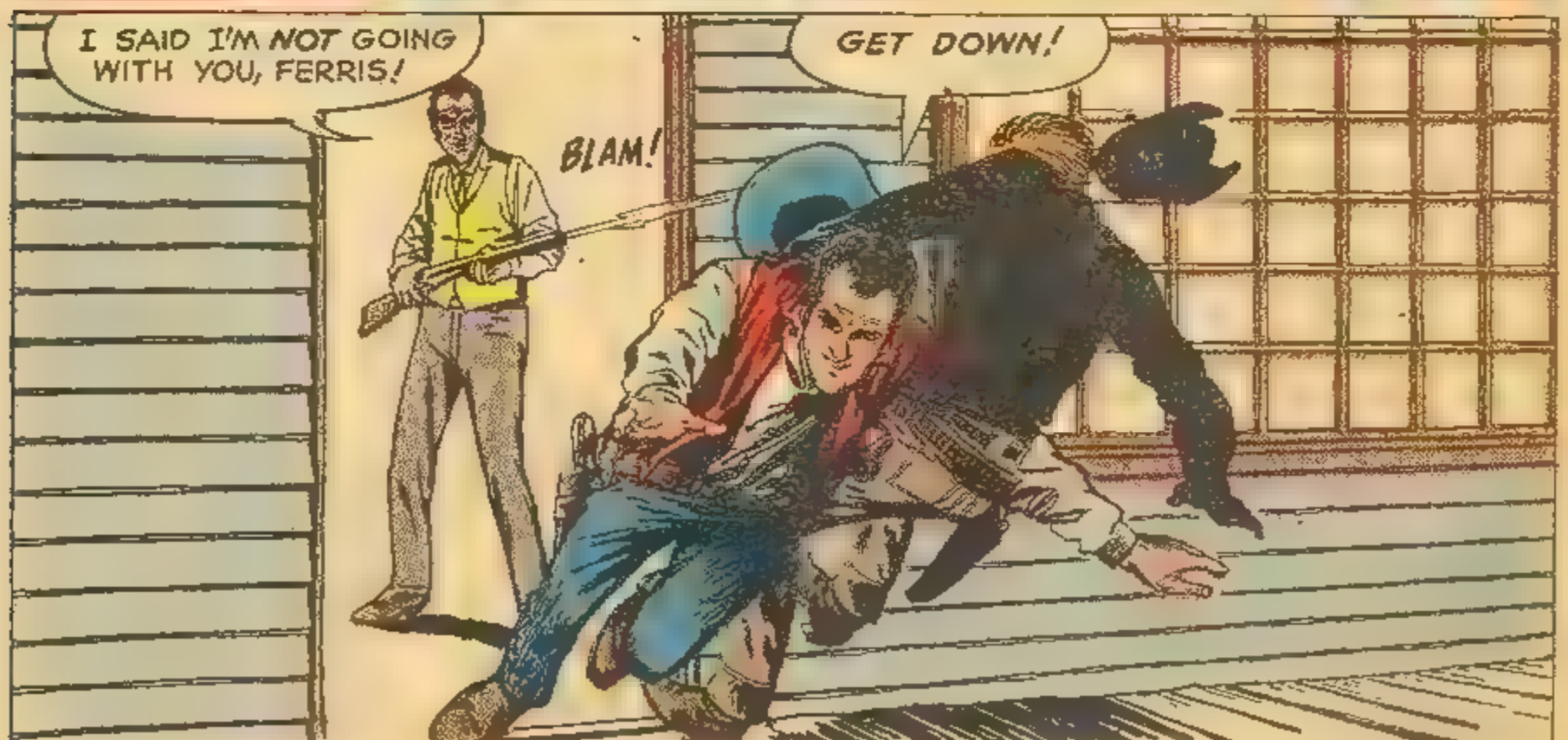
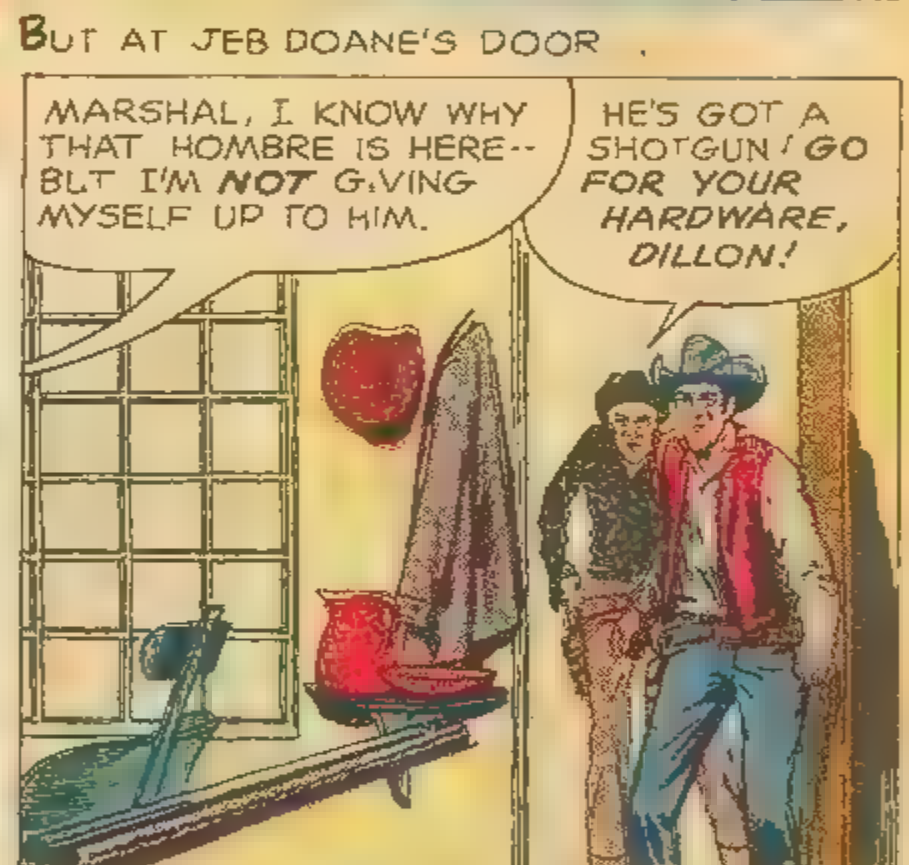
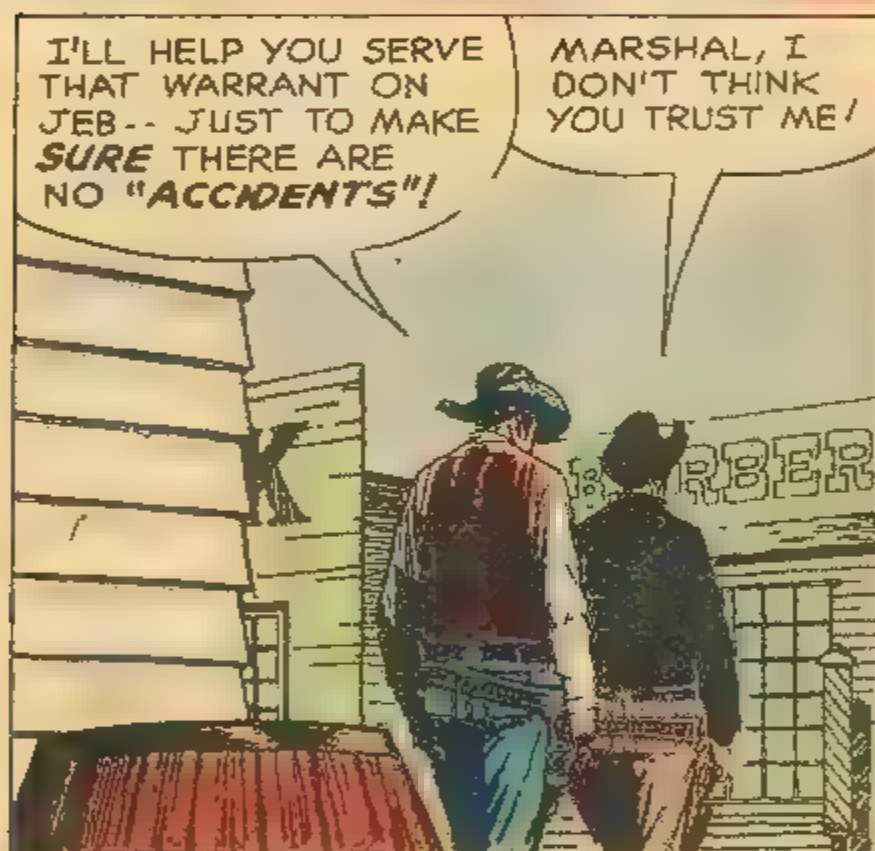
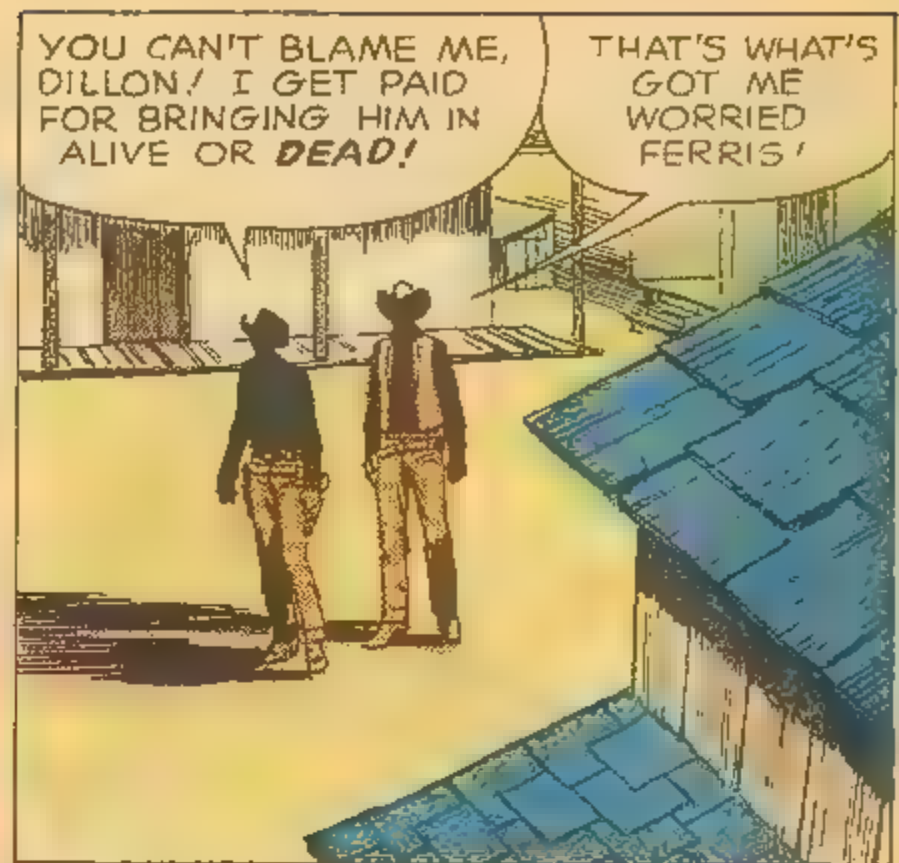
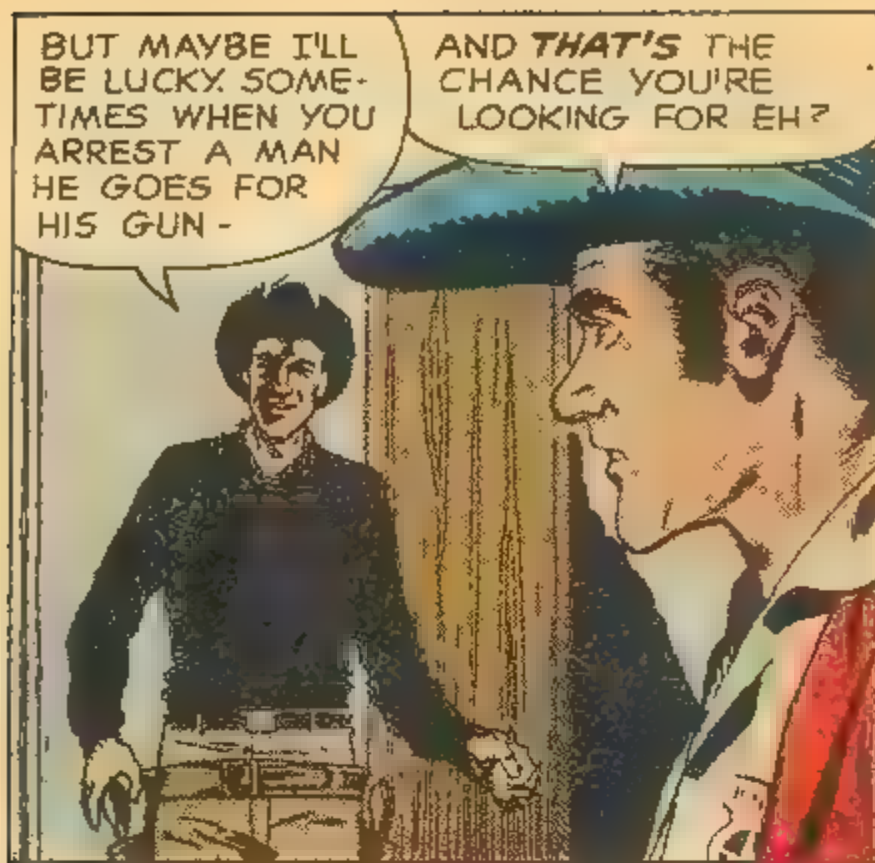
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DILLON. AS A LAWMAN, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT MURDER IS **NEVER** FORGOTTEN!



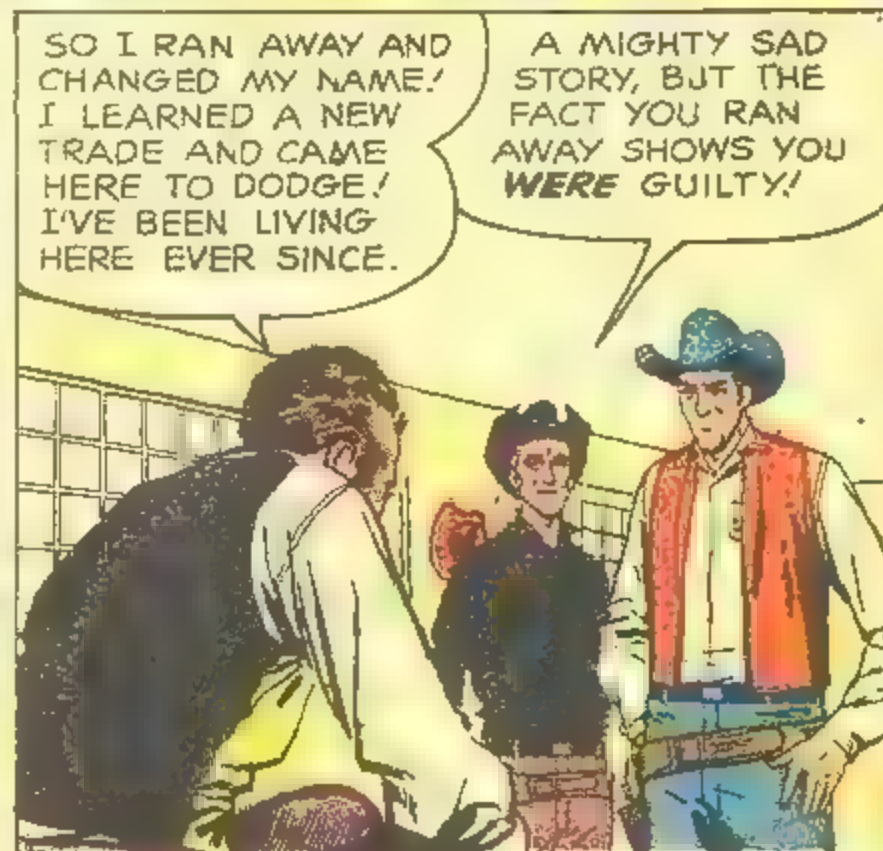
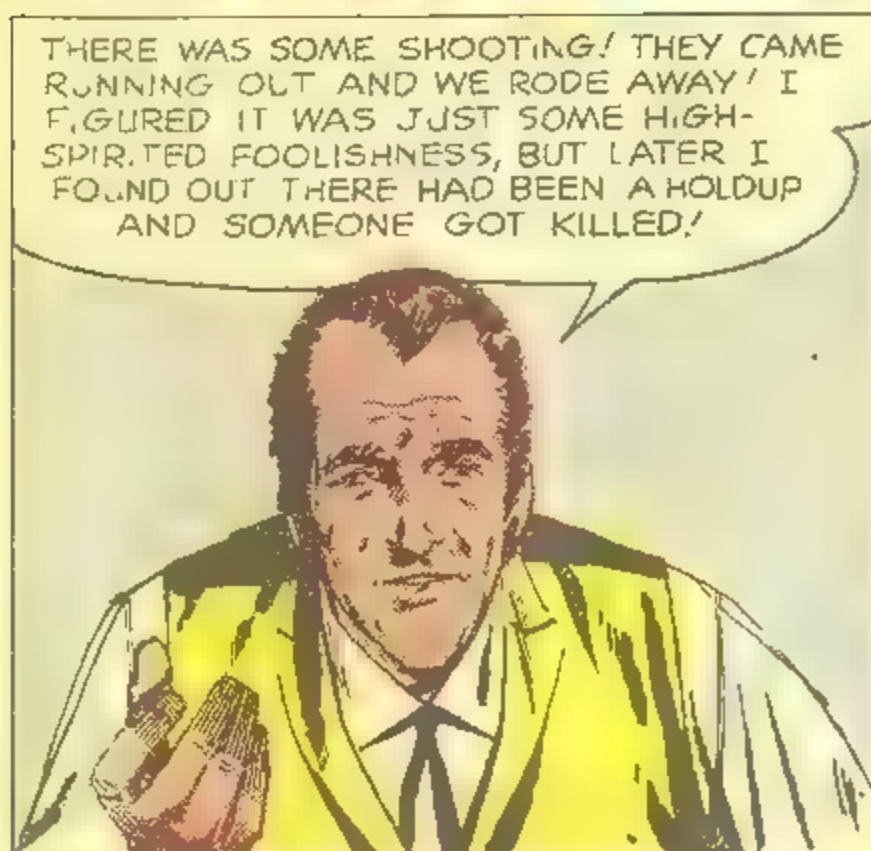
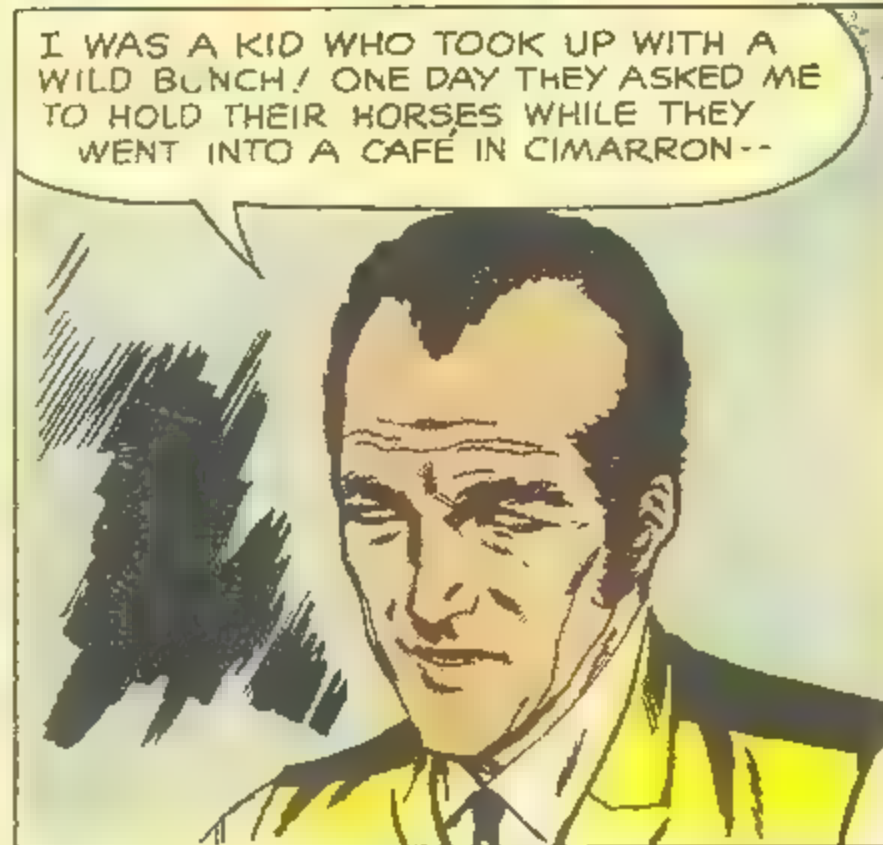
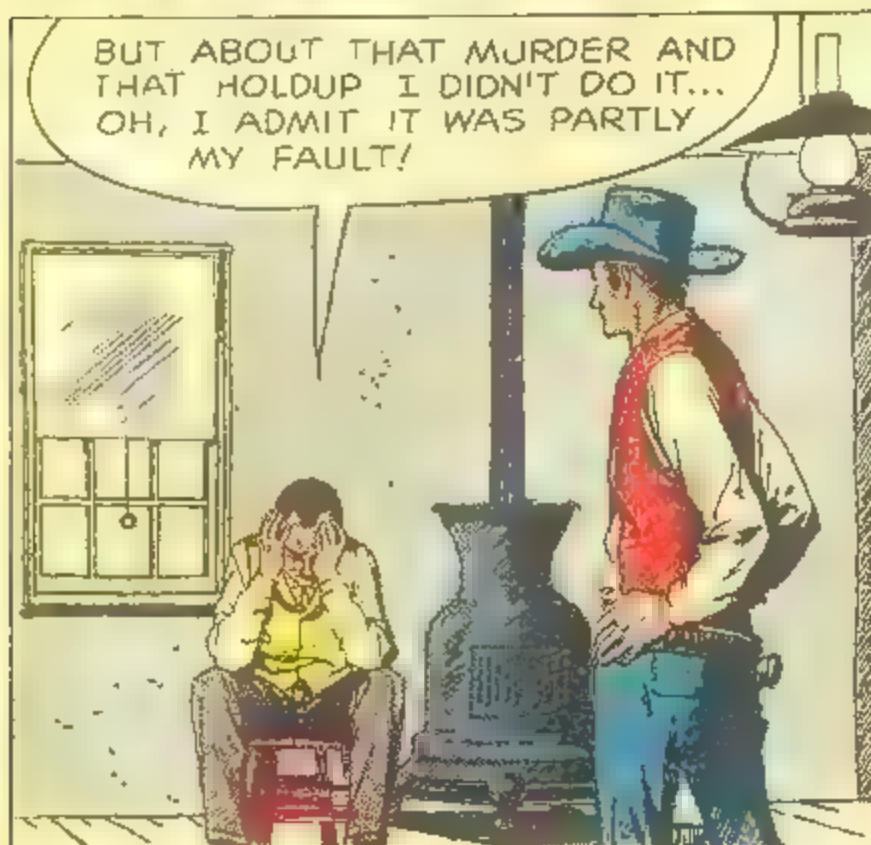
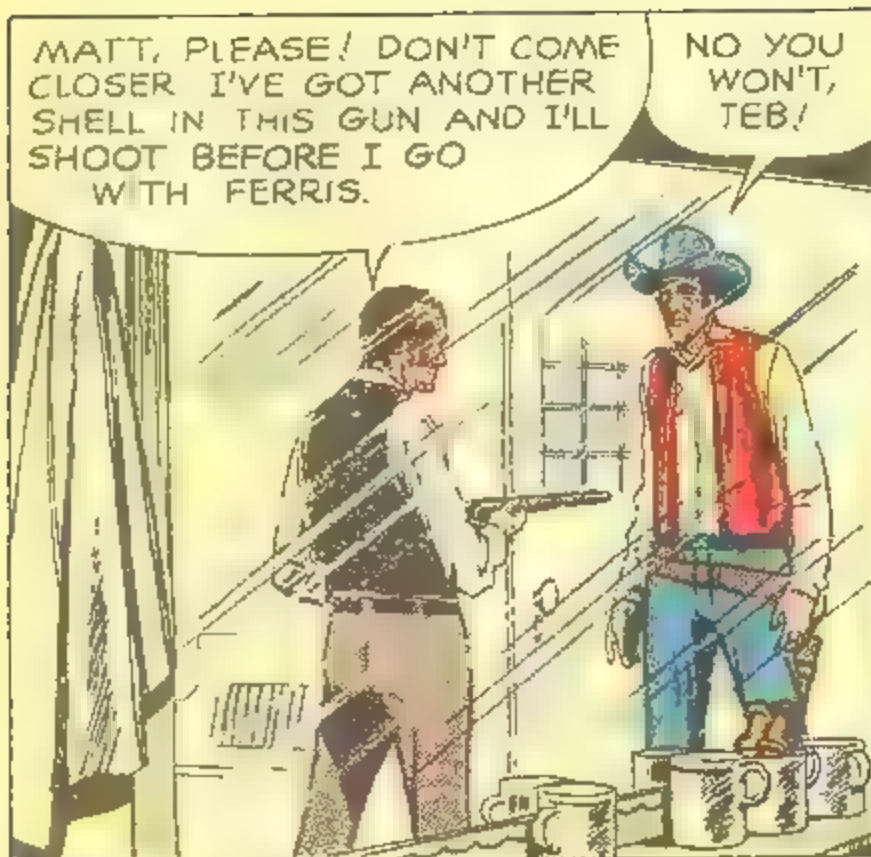
THE REWARD'S ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND CIMARRON'S A THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE! IS IT WORTH IT, FERRIS?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MARSHAL! THAT CHICKEN FEED WOULD HARDLY PAY FOR MY TROUBLE-- GUARDING DOANE ALL THE WAY BACK!

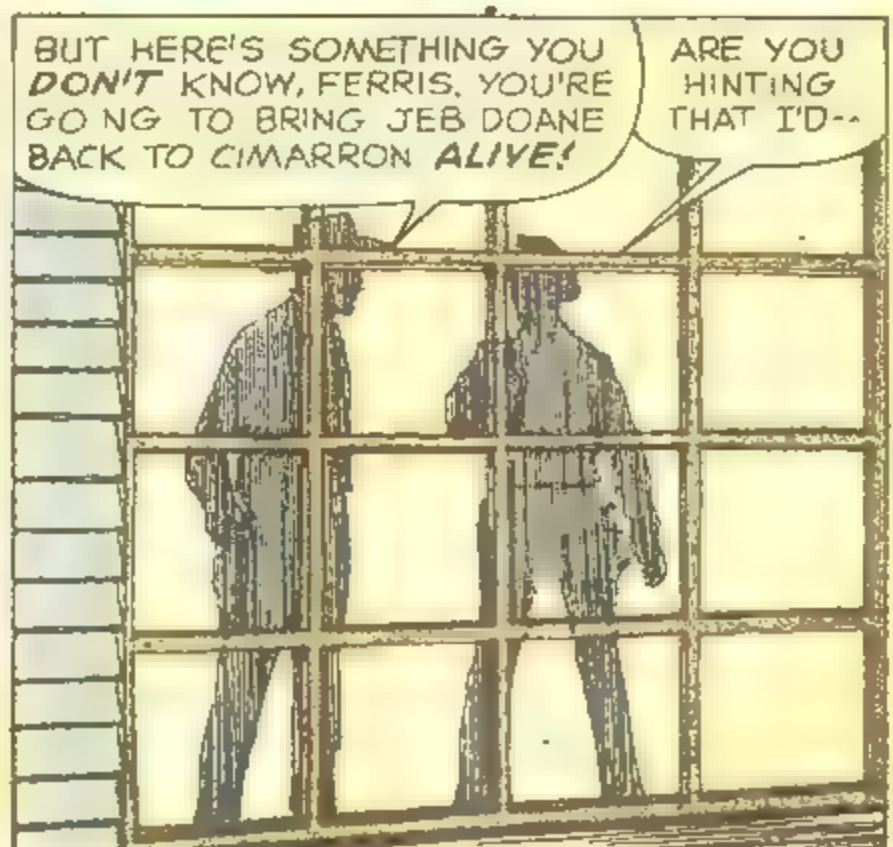
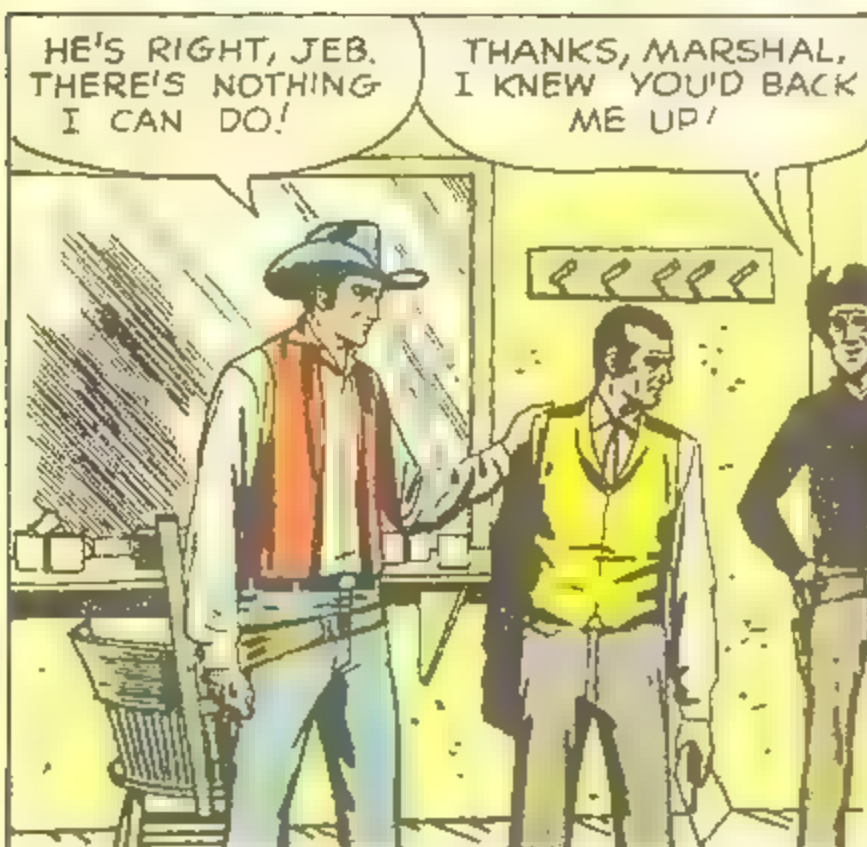
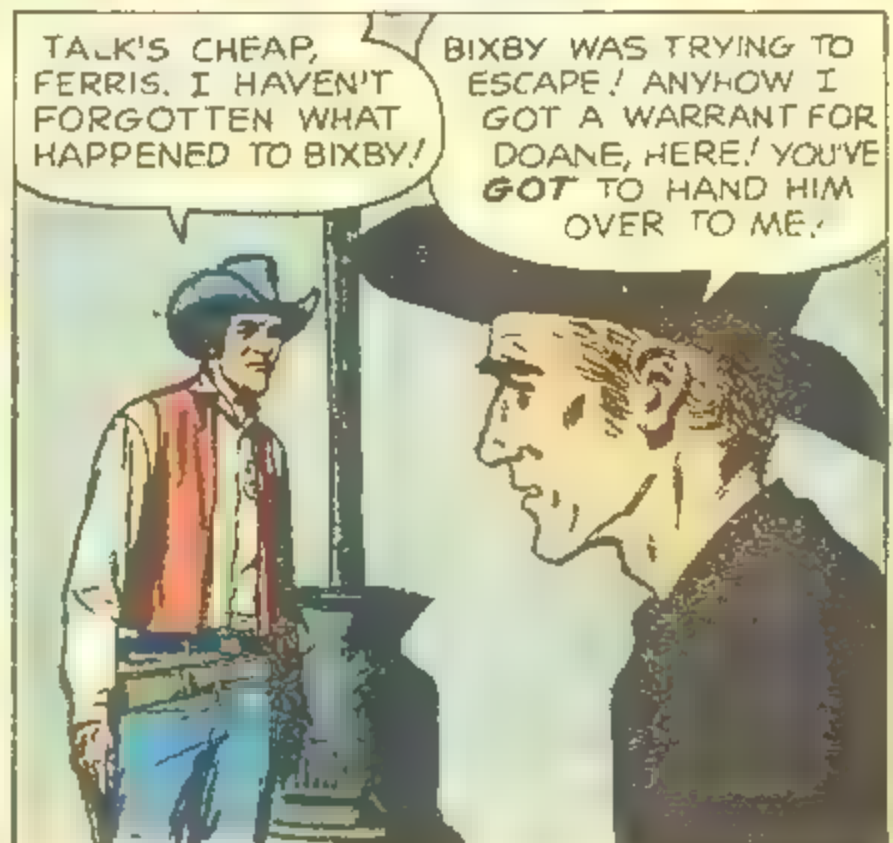
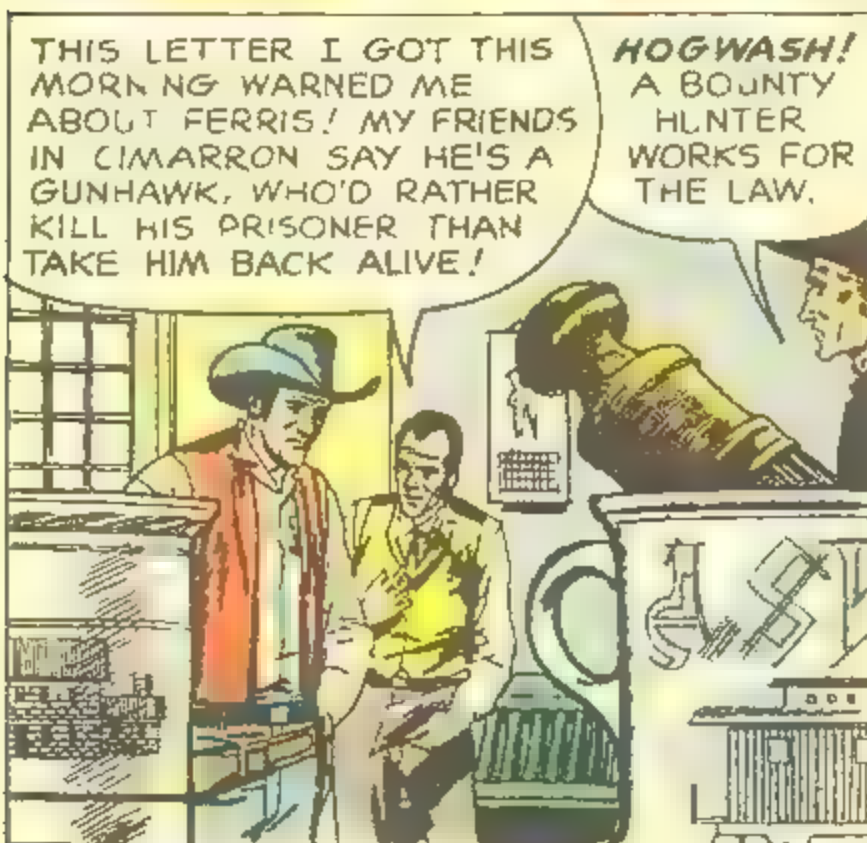
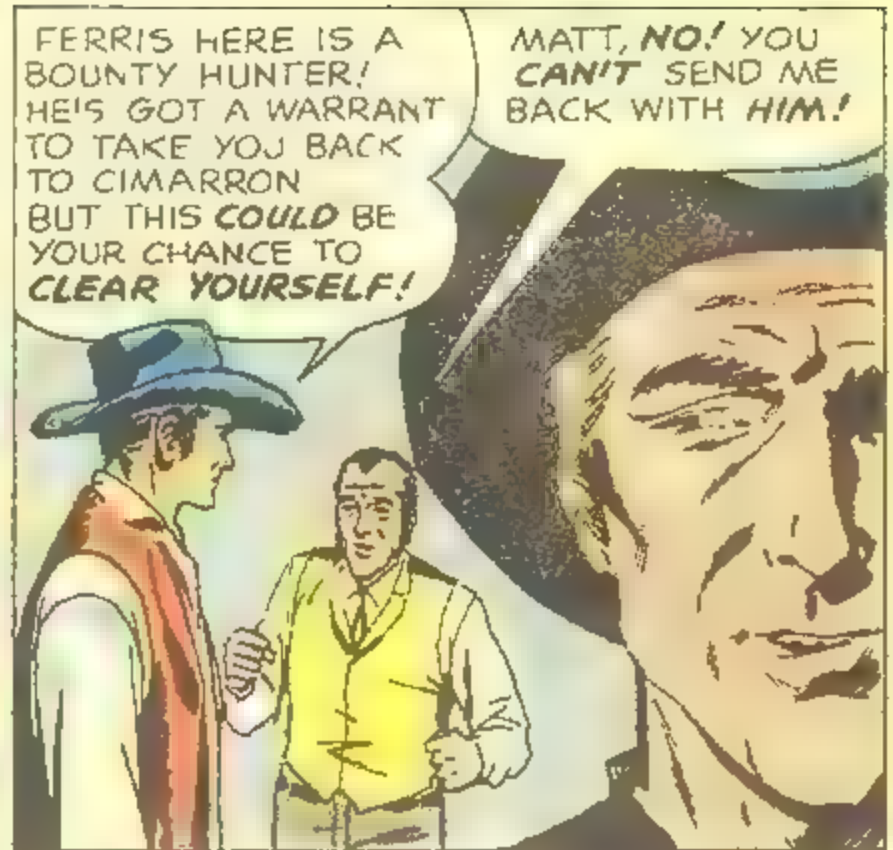
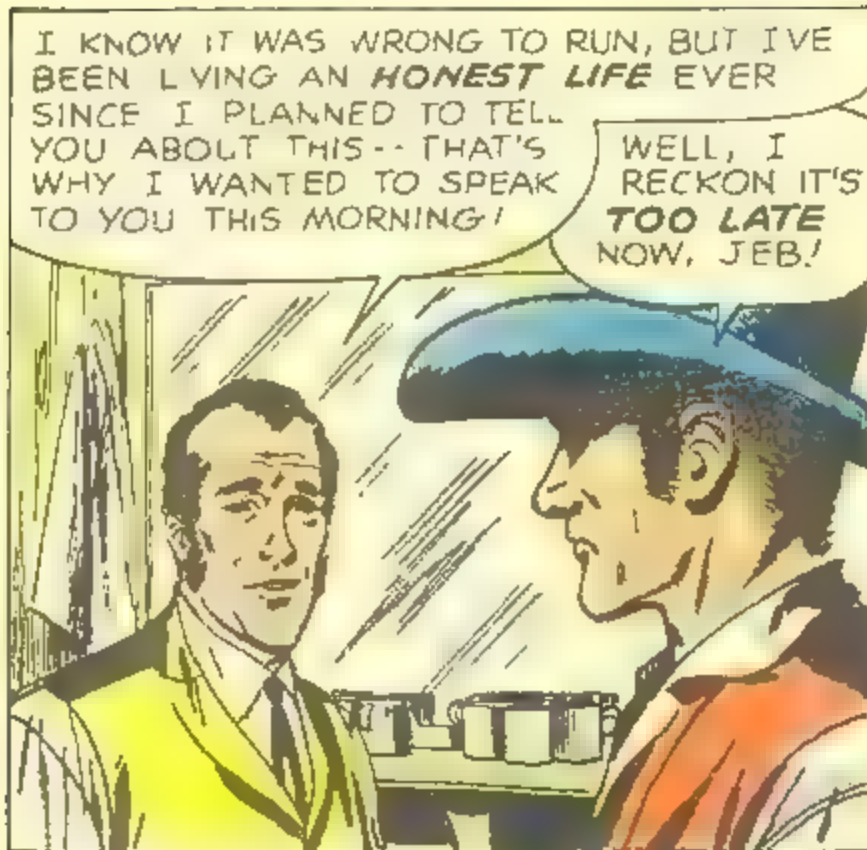




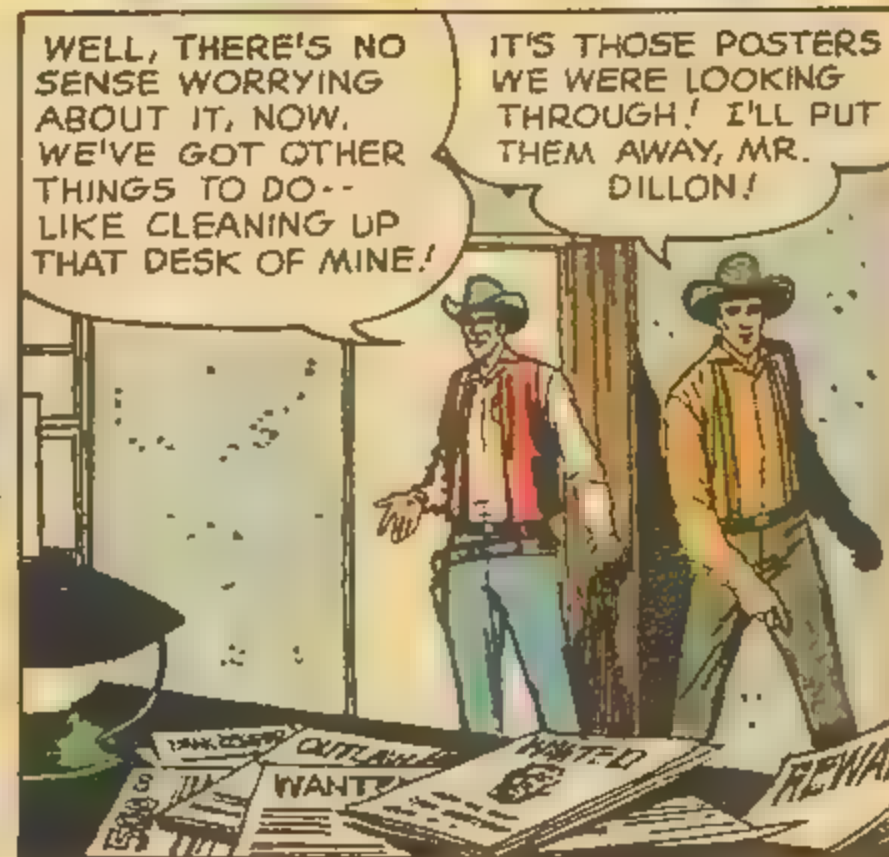
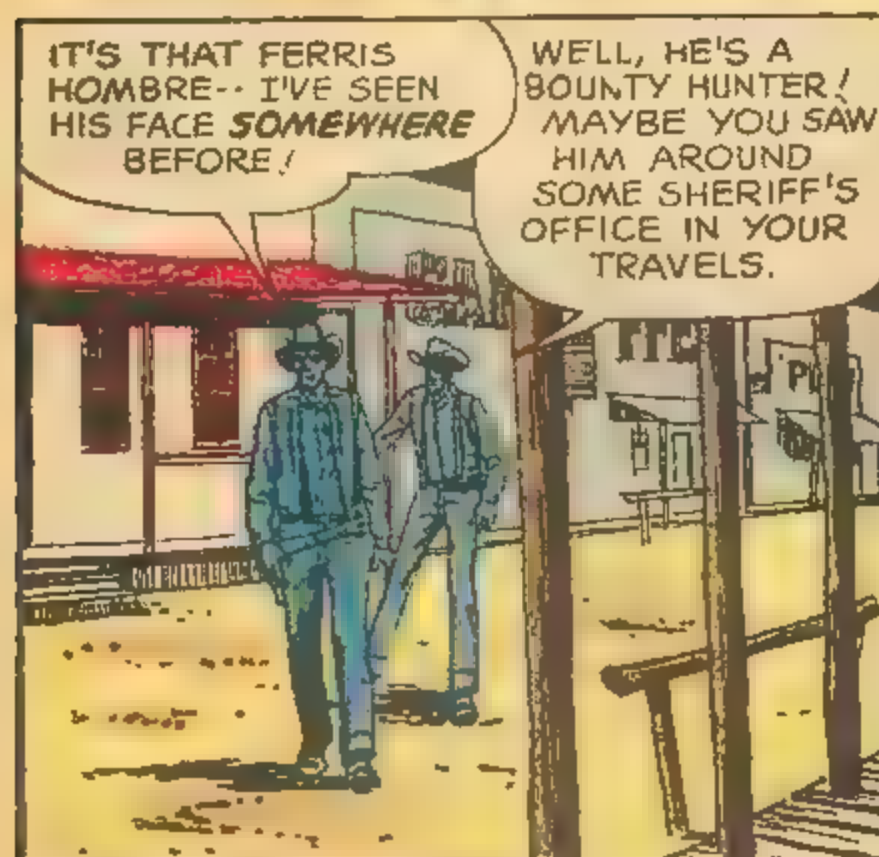
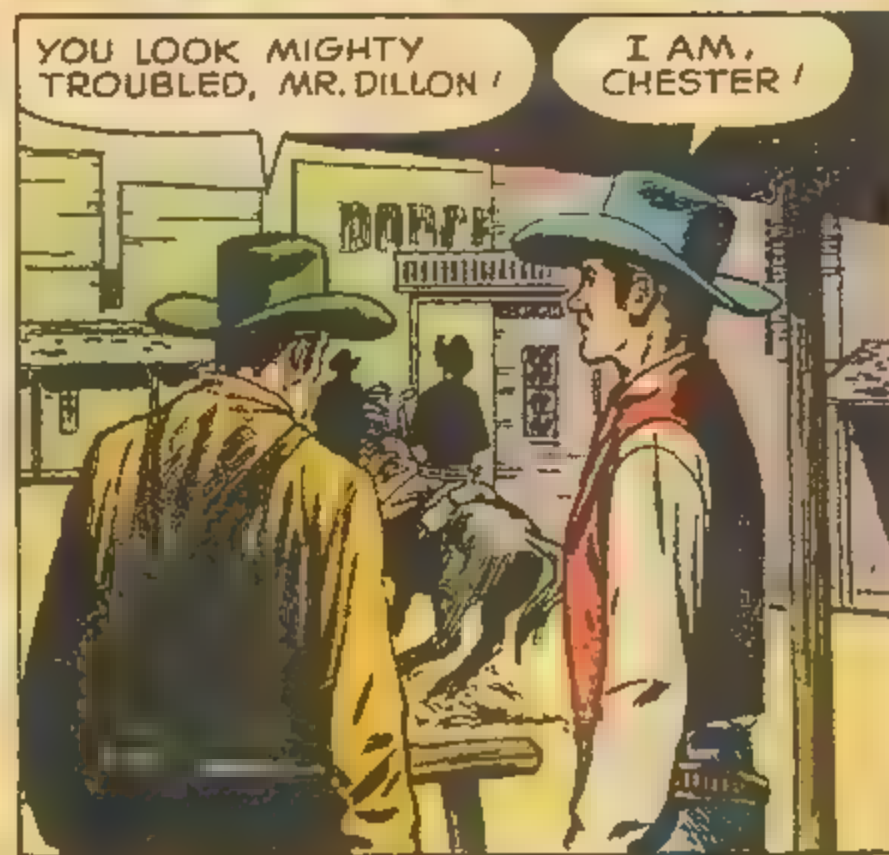
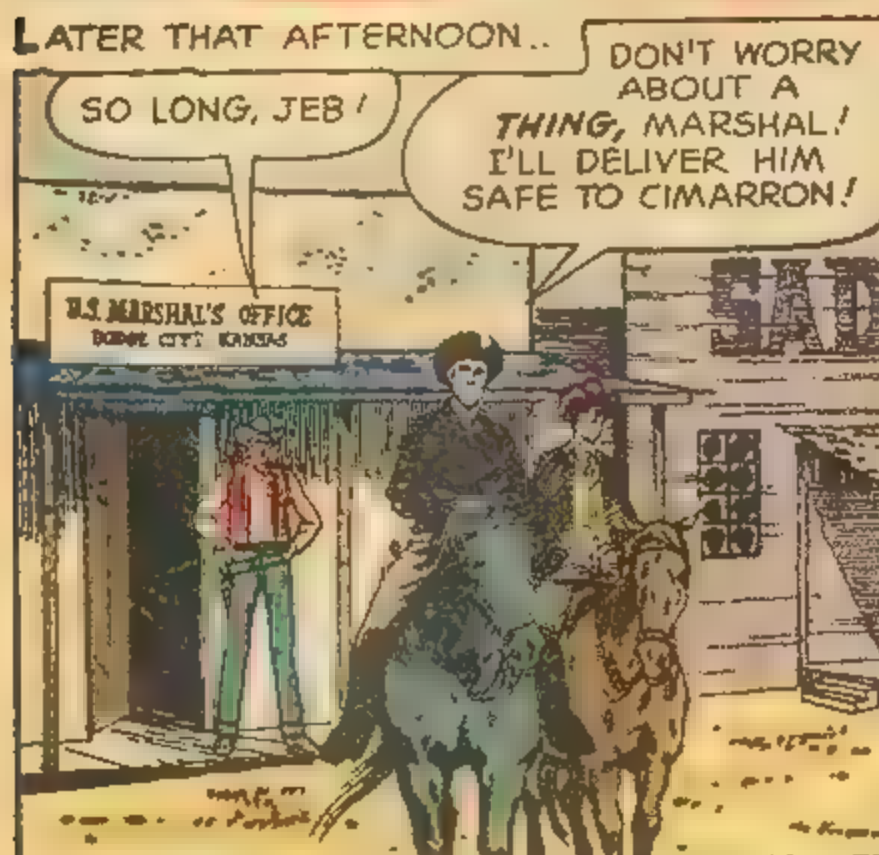
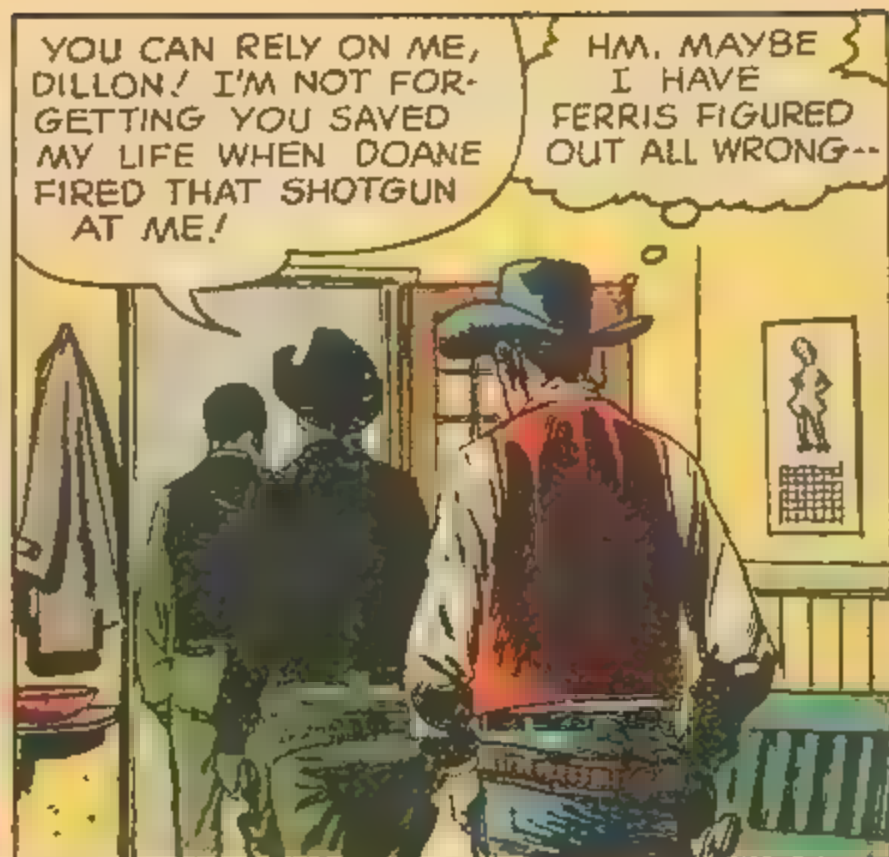
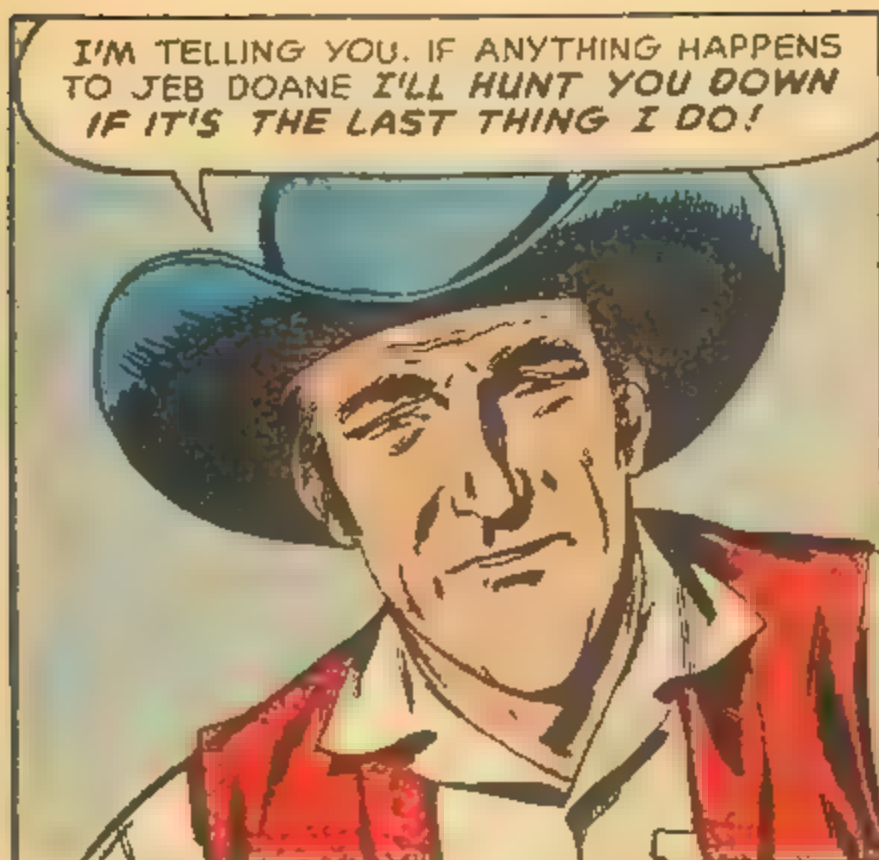




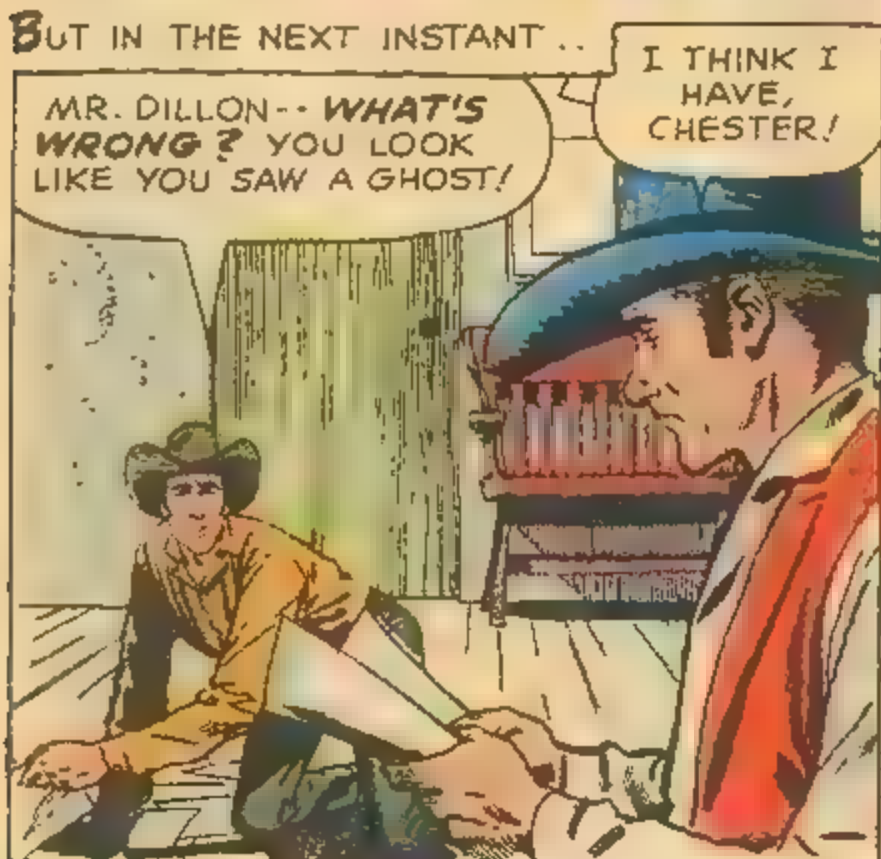
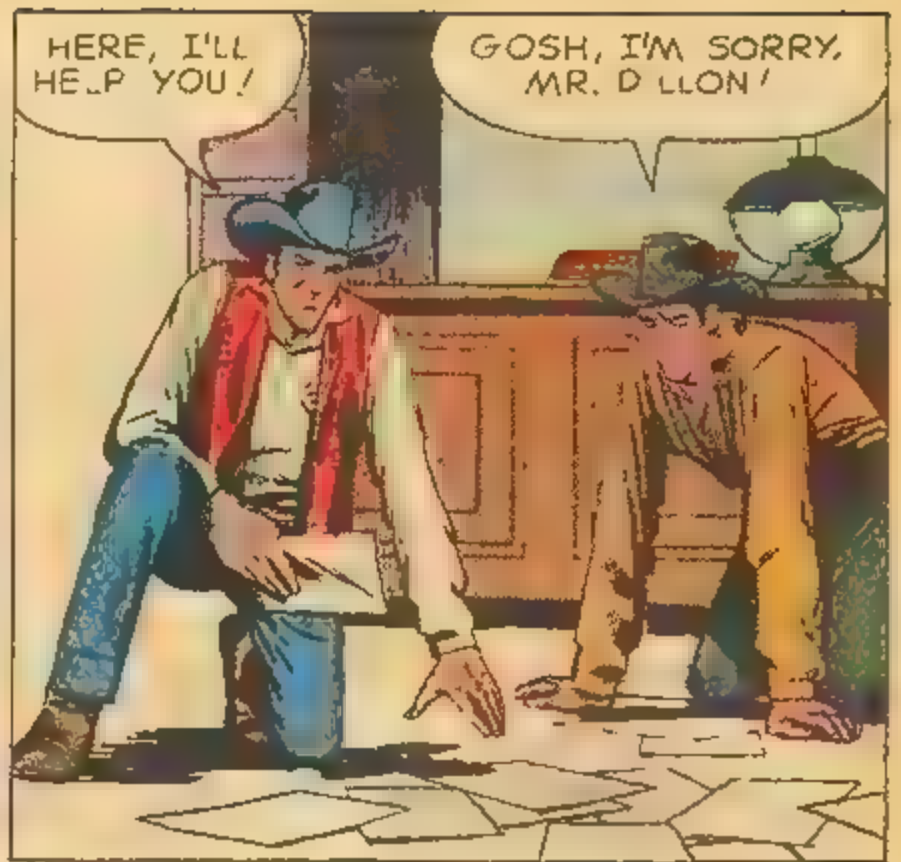
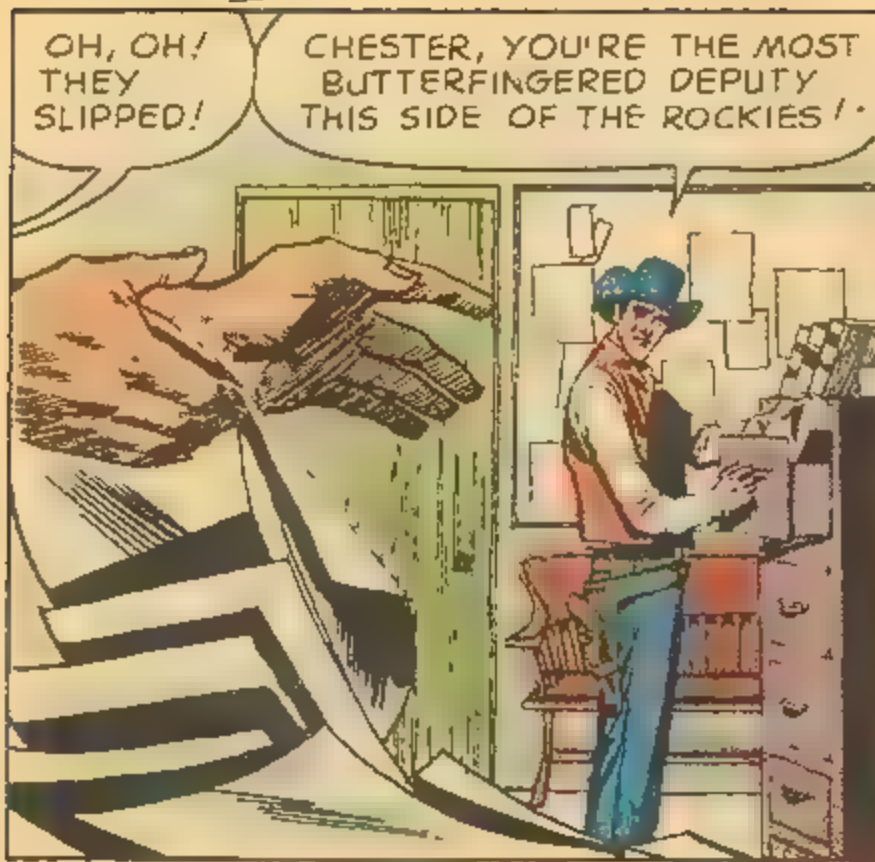






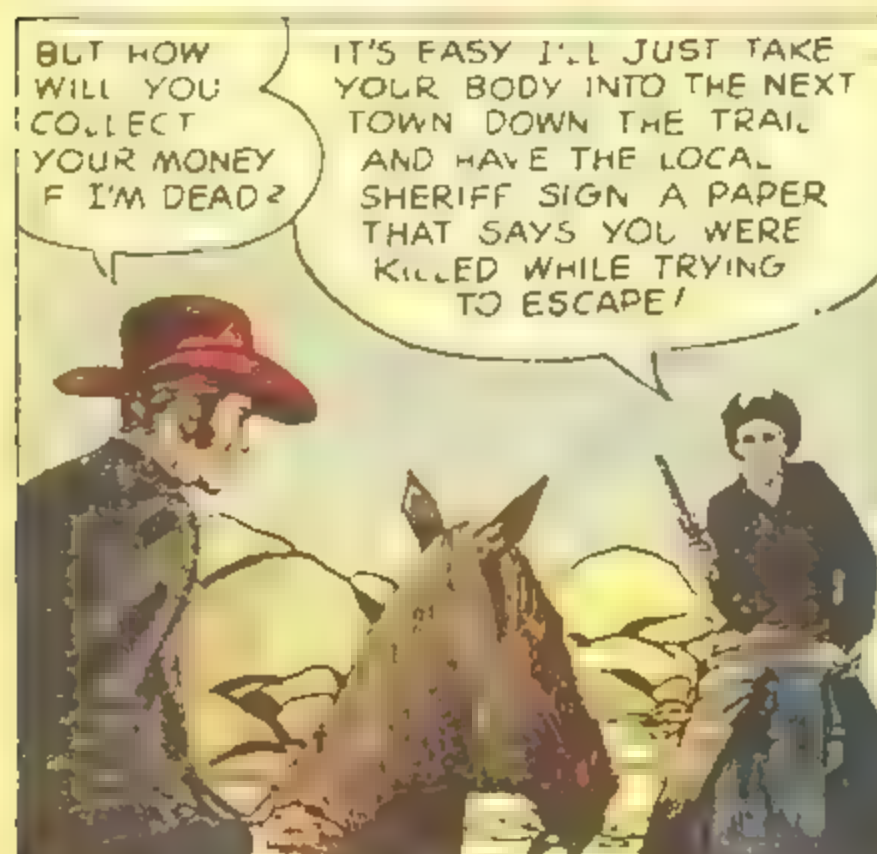
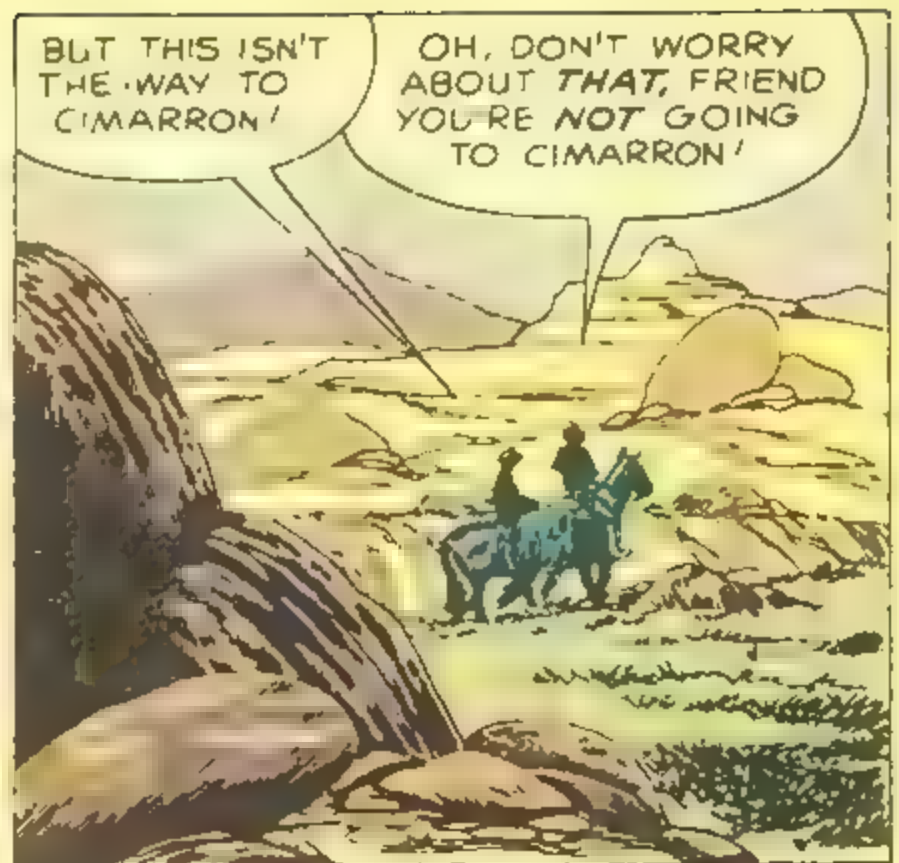
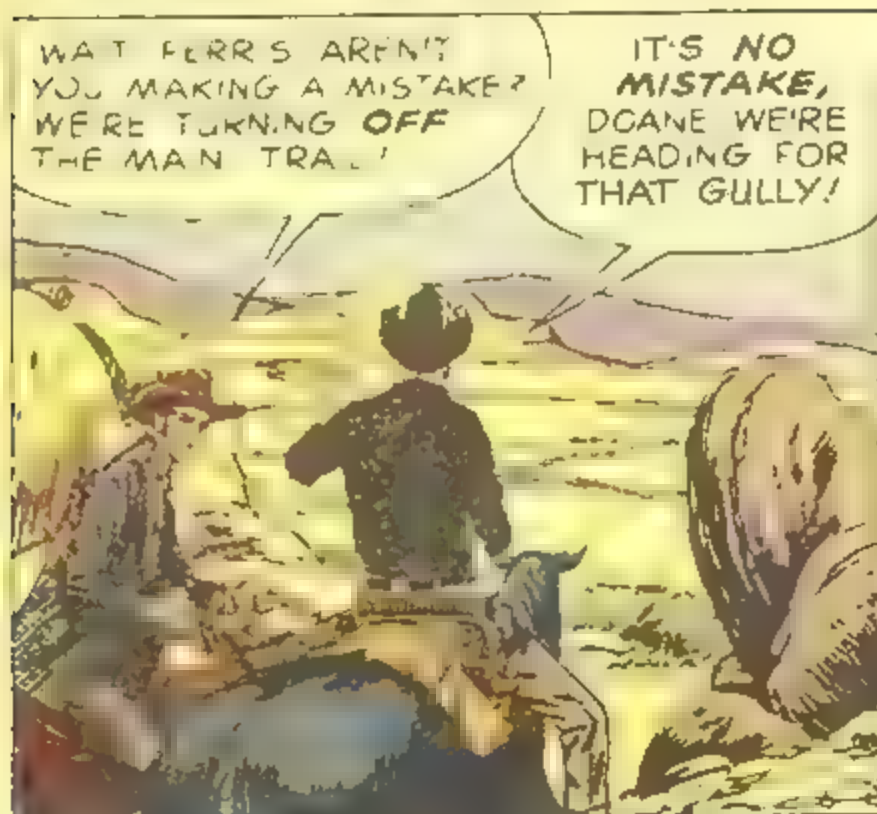




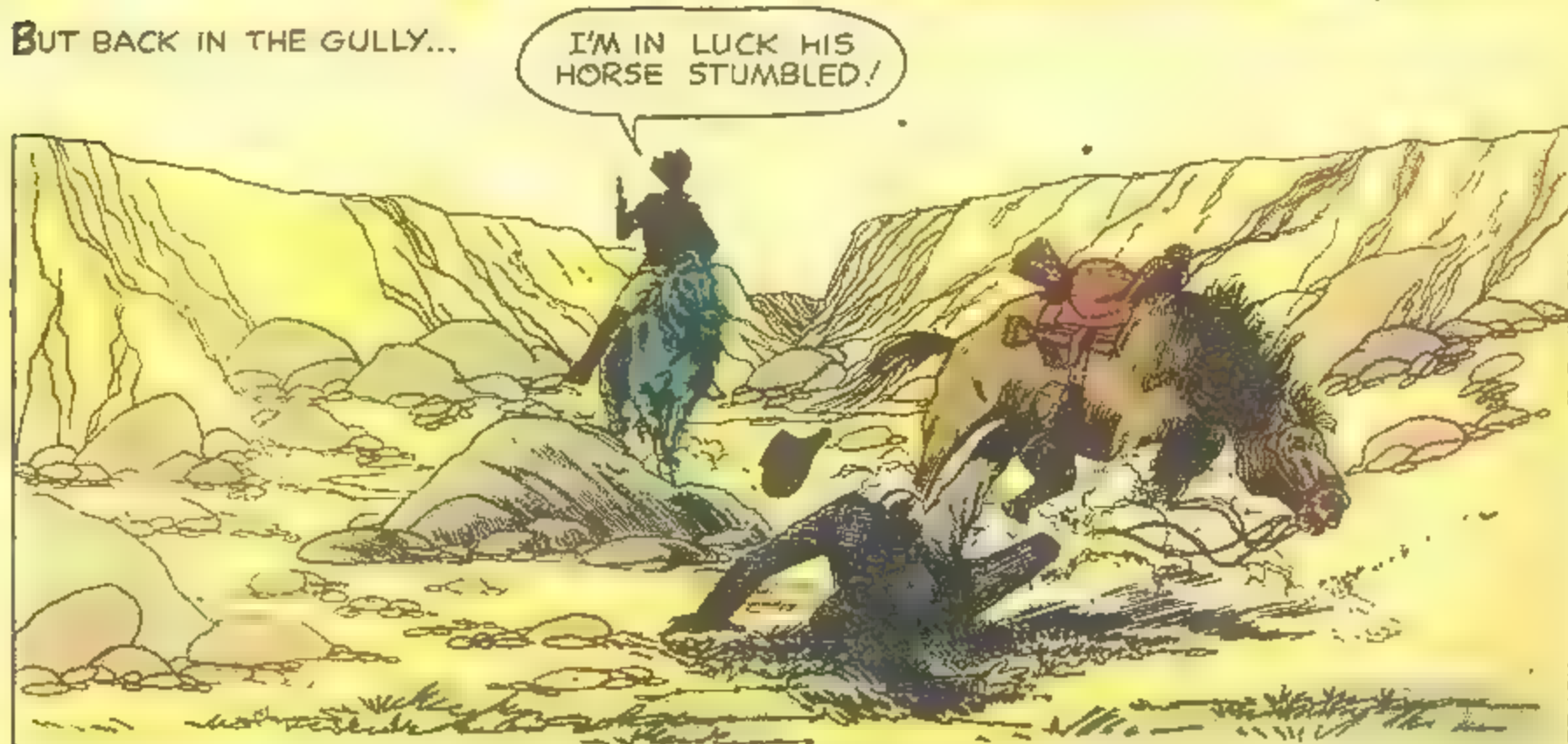
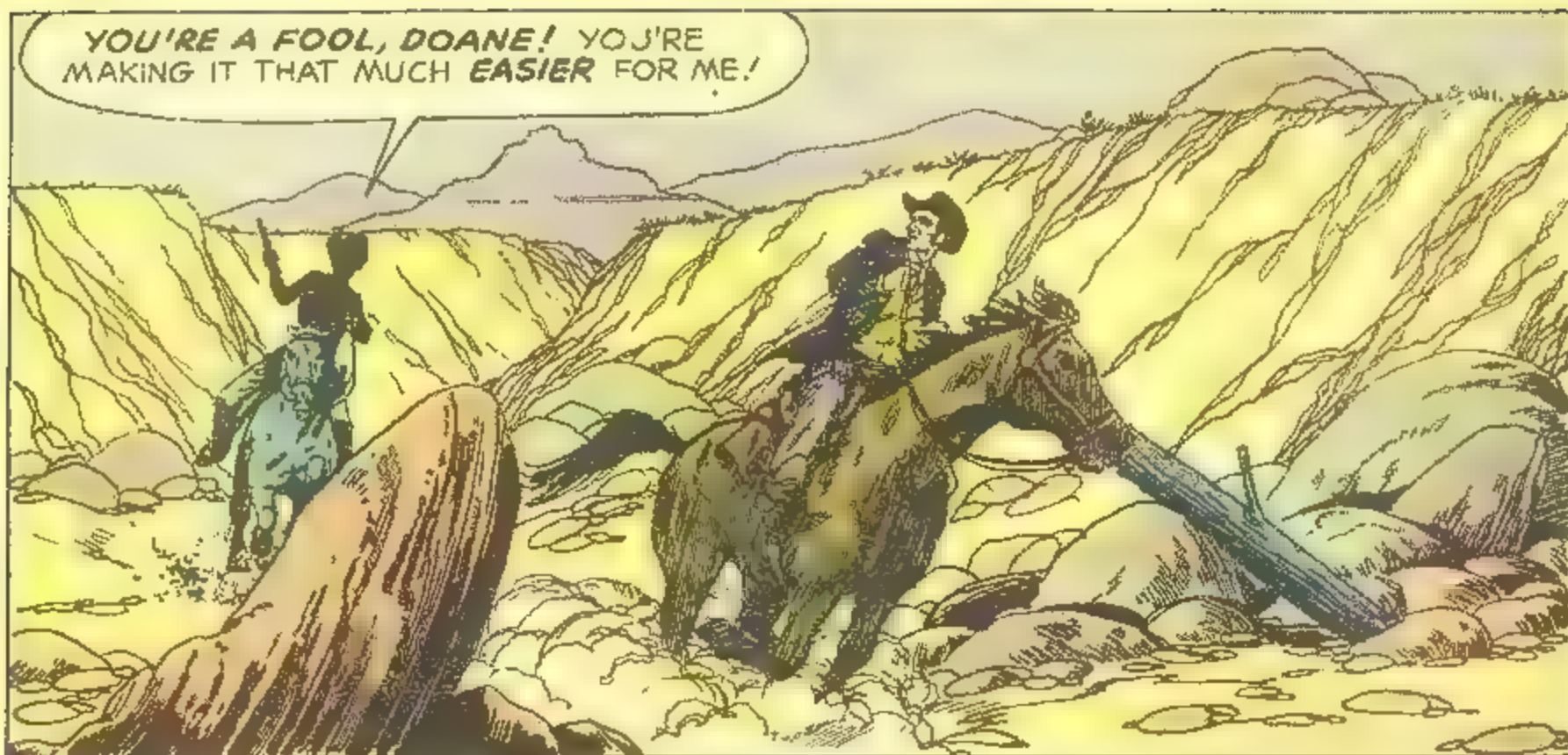




MEANWHILE MILES DOWN THE TRAIL



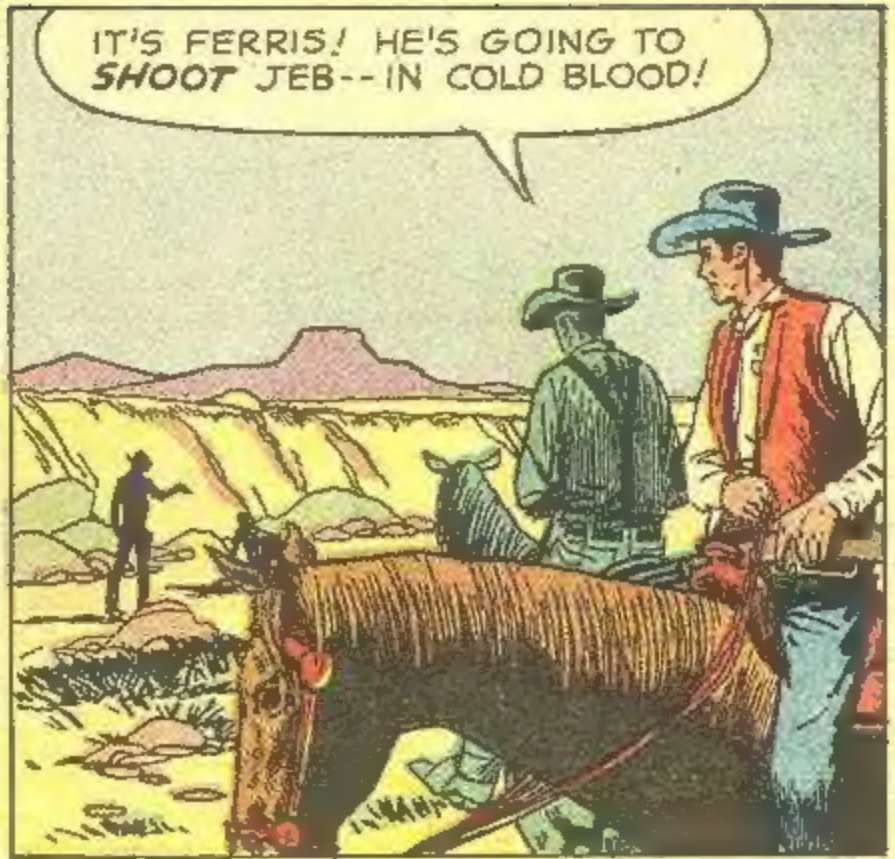




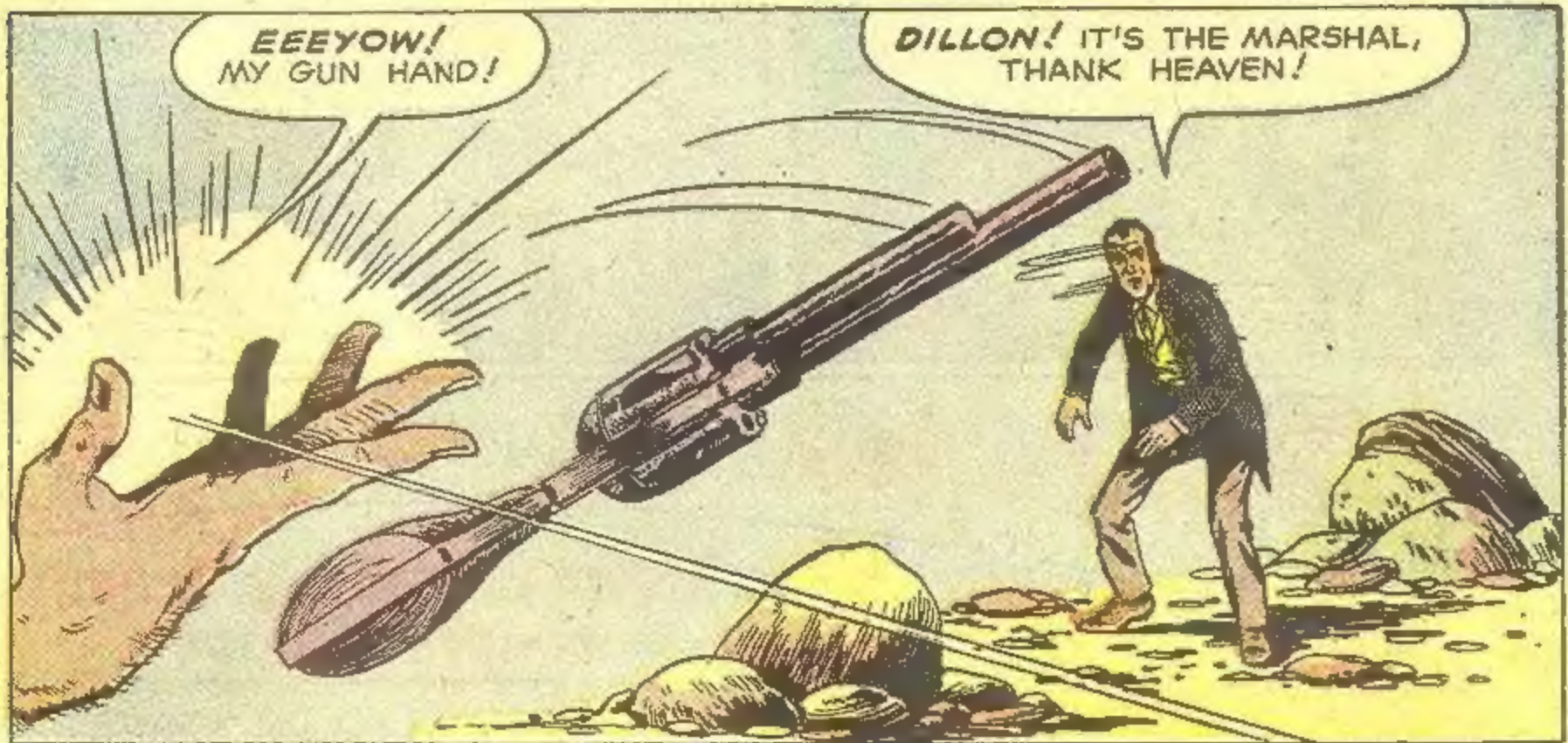




ALL RIGHT, DOANE,  
SAY YOUR PRAYERS!



IT'S FERRIS! HE'S GOING TO  
**SHOOT** JEB-- IN COLD BLOOD!



**EEEEYOW!**  
MY GUN HAND!

**DILLON!** IT'S THE MARSHAL,  
THANK HEAVEN!



DILLON, WHEN WORD GETS  
OUT THAT YOU SHOT AN  
AUTHORIZED BOUNTY  
HUNTER, YOUR REPUTA-  
TION AS A LAWMAN WON'T  
BE WORTH TWO CENTS!

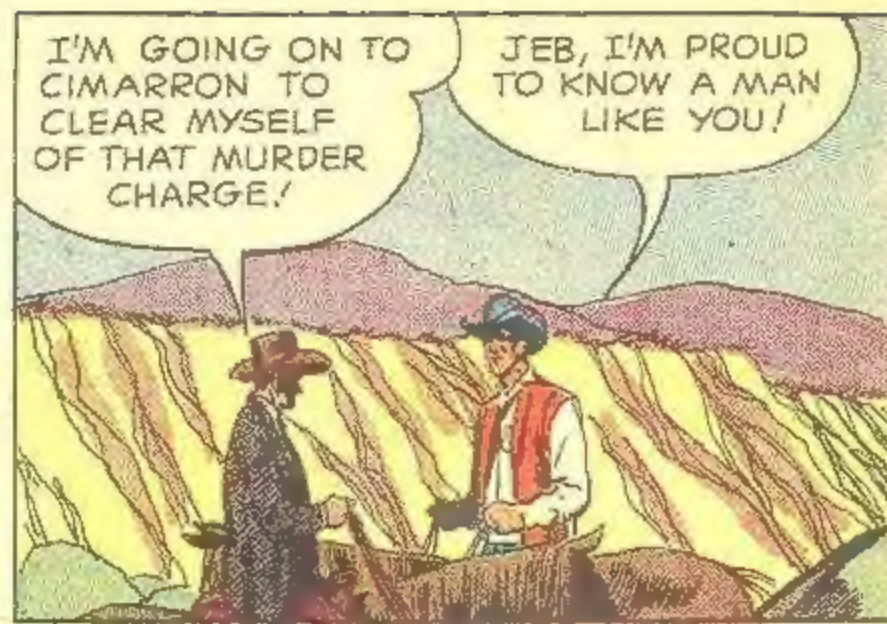
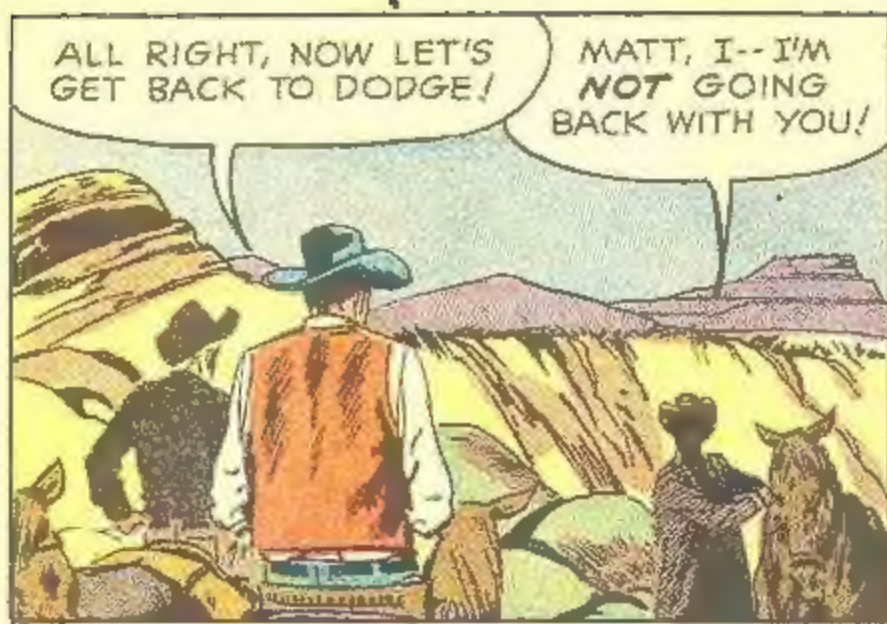
YOU WON'T  
BE AROUND  
TO SPREAD  
THE WORD,  
FERRIS!



I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOUR  
FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR  
AND HERE'S WHY-- THIS  
OLD DODGER SAYS  
**YOU'RE** WANTED IN  
SACRAMENTO FOR MURDER!

NO WONDER  
HE DIDN'T  
WANT US  
LOOKING AT  
THOSE OLD  
WANTED  
POSTERS!





# "HEY GANG! Look what I've got..."



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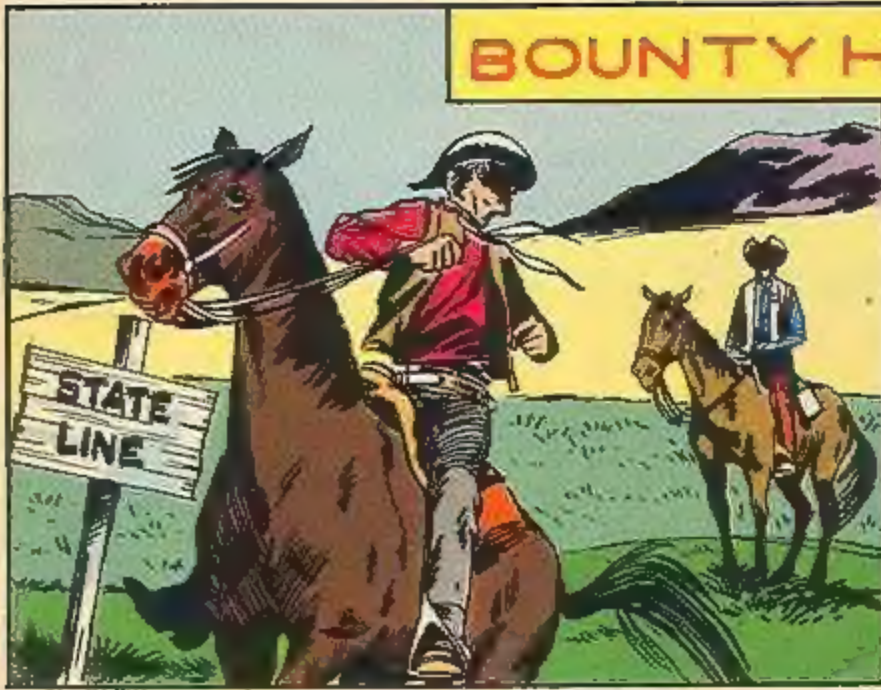
See the Stewart-Warner "Cadet" at your neighborhood bike shop. Or write to Stewart-Warner, Dept. Q-68, 1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

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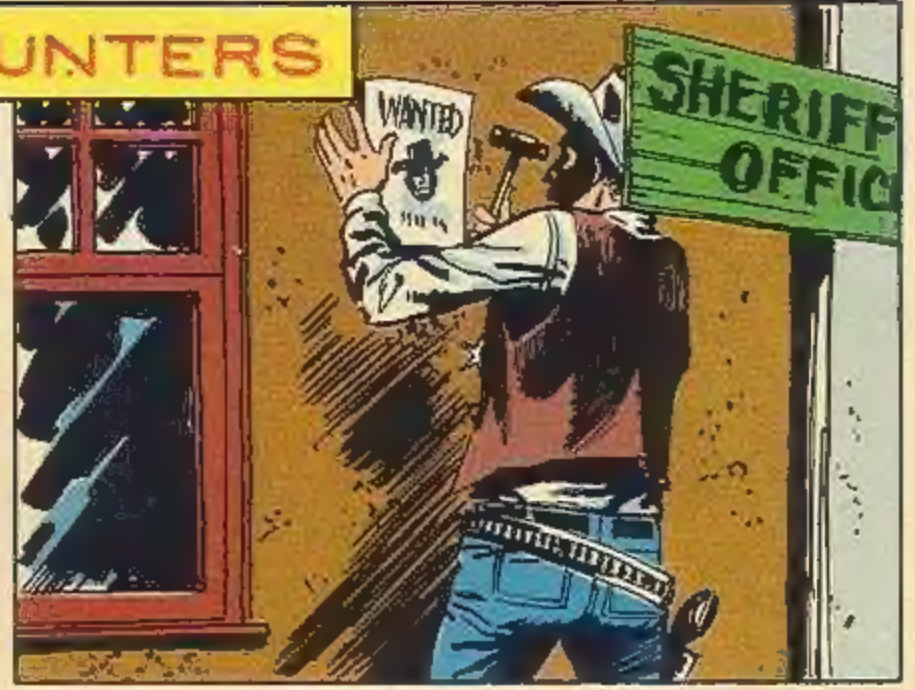
Symbol of  
**SW**  
Excellence



## BOUNTY HUNTERS



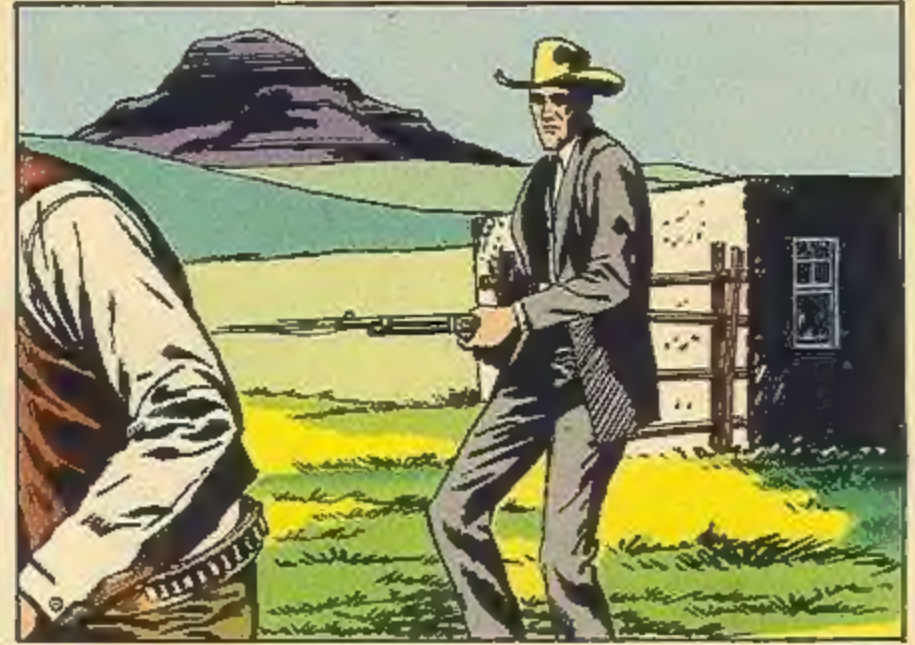
IN THE OLD DAYS AN OUTLAW HAD ONLY TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST STATE OR TERRITORIAL BORDER TO ESCAPE THE LOCAL LAWMEN.



ALL THE LAW AUTHORITIES COULD DO WAS TO POST REWARDS FOR THE WANTED MEN.



TO SOME HARDCASES THESE REWARDS WERE A CHANCE TO EARN EASY MONEY. MANY OF THEM WERE EX-OUTLAWS AND WERE FAMILIAR WITH THE HIDEOUTS OF THE HUNTED MEN.



THE BOUNTY HUNTERS USED EVERY TRICK IN THE OUTLAW TRADE TO COLLECT THEIR REWARD MONEY. A MAN WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE WAS OFTEN DELIVERED DEAD.



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MOST WESTERNERS HAD HIGH RESPECT FOR THE LAWMEN, BUT THEY LOOKED WITH SCORN ON THE BOUNTY HUNTER WHO TRACKED DOWN MEN FOR THE REWARD MONEY.



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